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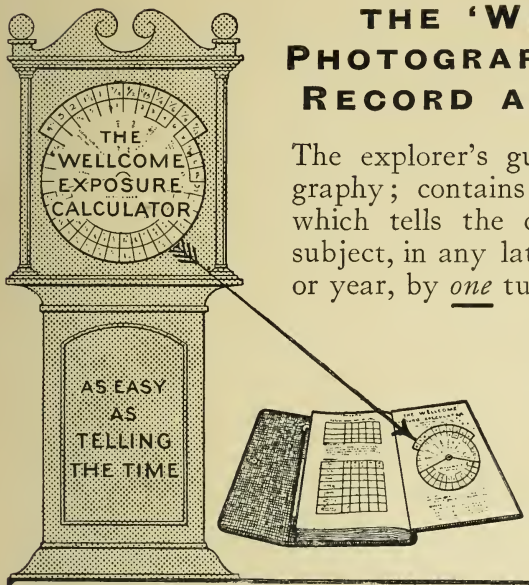

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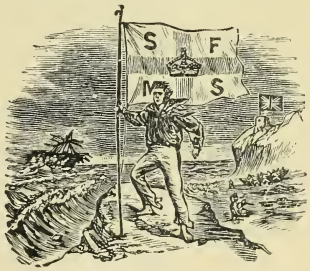

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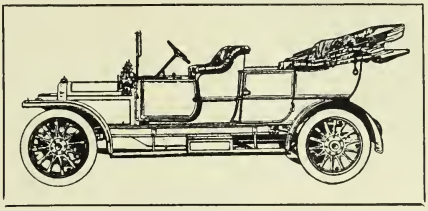

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On Malay Klongs and Rivers.

By EDMUND FORBES.

Travelling, like life, is taken very easily in Siam. To a Siamese the saying "Time is money" is unknown and would be ridiculous. He is like the Spaniard with his constant "*mañana, mañana*" (to-morrow, to-morrow)—if he feels disinclined to do a thing to-day, and he generally does, he puts it off until to-morrow, that to-morrow that so often never comes. Consequently, when he travels he travels very easily, and should the elements be somewhat adverse he cares not to battle against them but prefers to call a halt and resume the journey to-morrow.

Roads in the Siamese Malay Peninsula are few and far between, elephant travelling can only be indulged in in the dry season, and so the chief mode of progress is by means of boats along the innumerable rivers and canals intersecting the country in every direction.

In the winter of 1902, as the guest of a friend in the Siamese Survey, I made one such journey by *klong* (canal) and river and inland sea from Nakawn Sritamarat to Singora, the capital of the *monthon* (province), and the seat of the High Commissioner.

True to the traditions of the country, instead of getting off at 9 a.m.

as we had proposed, it was two o'clock before all the luggage was on board our three boats. With a last look round to see that nothing had been forgotten, we called to the Chinese coolie, who was to be left in charge, to give him some final instructions. There was no answer, and a search revealed the hapless Ah Chien rolling on the floor of the " boys' " bedroom in high fever. Arrangements were hurriedly made for his welfare, and then at last we were really free to start. The High Commissioner had kindly placed three of his boats at our disposal, and in His Excellency's own twelve *chau* (oar), rowed by sailors who stood to their oars in Venetian fashion, my friend and I lived and voyaged eight days and nights. She was a handsome canoe-shaped boat, sixty-six feet long and about seven feet broad amidships, where were the two cabins—one for ourselves, the other for our " boys " and baggage. A second and much smaller boat carried our interpreter, cook and coolies, and in the third were the Siamese officials in charge of our little fleet.

At first we proceeded down a narrow *klong*, scarce wider than the boat itself, so that to row was out of the question, and the sailors were obliged to tow us along until a river was reached and it was possible to use the oars. Down towards the sea we rowed till evening, when we moored for the night at a little fishing village. The *wat* was the poorest apology for a temple possible ; two small tarnished and discoloured Buddhas placed on a low pile of bricks and sheltered from the rain by an attap palm roof some four feet from the ground. The village consisted of more or less dilapidated huts along the water's edge, and immediately behind them evil smelling swamps and scrub stretched away as far as the eye could see. There were no paddy fields, the sole occupation and means of livelihood of the villagers, who struck me as being a very miserable and fever-stricken looking lot, being the catching of prawns and the pounding of them into paste to be sent to Bangkok for Siamese curry.

We slept that night on board, our mattresses spread on the floor of the cabin and our mosquito curtains hung from the ceiling, and woke the next morning to find that our men had made an early start and that we were then rocking on the sea in a downpour of rain. The sea, however, soon became too rough for our long, narrow river boats, and we thought it advisable to make for shore and to row a more or less parallel course up a river instead. A dreary, lonely river it looked in the pouring rain, with dense jungle-covered banks of palms. Occasionally

a hut or two showed through the trees, or a canoe paddled by a native passed down stream—all else was rain and water and weeping jungle desolation.

Later in the afternoon the rain passed away, nor did it reappear during the remainder of our expedition. Instead we voyaged, our sailors sometimes rowing for seven hours on end, down broad rivers or narrower *klongs*, through golden days when, though the sun shone fiercely, the blue sky was here and there flecked with white clouds, and the heat was somewhat tempered by the cool, refreshing breeze that blew against, us.

To one who, like myself, had not long been in that part of the country the voyage was full of interest. Once we passed a hut near the bank, in front of which we saw the buffaloes treading out the paddy in scriptural fashion. After the paddy has been cut it is tied up into sheaves and taken to be trodden out. A piece of ground is prepared by being made hard with clay and manure. On this the sheaves are thrown and the buffaloes—two to five in number, but usually four—are walked round and round, treading it out as they go. A small naked boy drives them, twisting their tails and urging them on with shouts and laughter, but permitting them to snatch a mouthful as they go, for it is here, as in the days when the old Biblical command was written, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." When it is all trodden out the straw is removed, the grain gathered up in shovel-shaped wooden scoops and usually put into wooden measures of one ton each ready to be sold to the Chinese traders. The buffaloes are trained for treading out by being walked when young round and round the bare threshing floor.

Again, to the newcomer the bridges beneath which we passed were interesting, as being of the simplest form imaginable and withal most effective. To cross a ditch or very narrow *klong* a couple of bamboos or a tree trunk served, as indeed all the world over. But where the *klong* was wider some less primitive bridge was necessary. The simplest of these is shown in the illustration on page 8. Fig. I. A A are two upright bamboos driven into the banks B B. C is a bamboo laid across them on which the pedestrian walks, and D is the hand-rail by which he steadies himself. C is removable so that boats may pass underneath, and there are usually two bamboos, C, lying one on either bank, and when the native crosses he tosses the bamboo back to the bank he came from. Another form of bridge we passed under is shown in Fig. II. Here six

poles are driven into the bed of the stream in pairs, each couple being joined by a cross-piece, and the centre couple being higher than the end ones. Over these cross-pieces is laid a long supple plank curving down from the centre posts to the banks at either end. On some of the *klongs* near Bangkok they have a little more elaborate form of bridge, as shown in Fig. III. Here A A are the gangways up which the pedestrian climbs from the banks on to the bridge, B. C is a weight by means of which B can be tilted up to allow of boats passing through. The weight is so balanced that a person sitting on it can thus tilt the bridge up.

Our sailors who, as has been shown, were good men for work, were also equally good sportsmen. In the holds of our three boats were several of their gamecocks, and when on shore a couple of these birds would frequently be produced and a ring formed in which the roosters, who had been crowing defiantly at each other from their respective holds all day, might meet for a sparring match. Merely a friendly little bout, the owners snatching them up before any harm was done. The poor man cannot afford a fight to the death on every occasion, and these duels were but interesting rehearsals of the real article that would take place from time to time. But though they fight gamely enough, these cocks lack smartness of appearance owing to the fact that their tails are not cut, as was the custom in England.

A buffalo fight between two of their tame buffaloes is another favourite sport of the Siamese. The only duel of this kind that I witnessed, however, was rather disappointing from the spectator's point of view. The two beasts were led up to one another and incited on by the yells of the onlookers. They rushed together, and, locking horns, each tried to force the other down. After a minute or so of wrestling they disengaged and stood there looking remarkably foolish. They repeated this performance several times, the last tussle proving a good sustained one. The smaller of the two buffaloes had by this time had enough of it, and disentangling himself turned and suddenly bolted into the jungle, scattering the assembled crowd of natives to right and left. I had been busily engaged taking snapshots of the fight, and had only just time to dodge him as he came, and then to dodge again as his adversary came lumbering after him in close pursuit. These fights will sometimes last an hour, but the present one was all over in ten minutes, and it only remained for the natives to follow and recapture the beasts.

The Siamese fighting fish are of the same family as the better known Paradise fish. When this fish is in a state of quiet its dull colours present

Siamese Canoe and Natives.

Jungle Homes.

nothing remarkable, but if two be brought together, or if one sees his own image in a looking glass, the little creature becomes suddenly excited. The whole body shines with metallic colours of dazzling beauty, and in this state it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist. The Siamese are as keen over these fish fights as they are over their cock fights. They bet fiercely on the contests, but then they are born gamblers, and on what will they not bet ?—even on cricket fights. These insects they catch at night, and, placing them in couples in jars, they urge them to the fray with small pointed pieces of wood.

Gamblers are ever superstitious, and the Siamese most certainly do not belie that reputation. Like most gamblers all the world over, they are continually seeking for signs and omens which shall guide them in their bets or lotteries. But, of course, their superstition is not confined alone to gambling ; it is, indeed, the greater part and parcel of their lives. In a short article such as this it is impossible to do more than touch upon such a subject, and I will confine myself to the following single anecdote :—

The friend with whom I stayed told me that once while travelling by river in this part of Siam he had occasion one night to tie up his boat near a village. There was no rest house, and so he commandeered for the night an empty bungalow in the course of being built for a Siamese. He made his simple dinner off tinned army rations, evidently not above suspicion, for soon after his meal he was taken ill, and before he knew where he was had fainted. When he came to, he still felt very bad, and, before he could get out the brandy, fainted once more. On coming to for the second time he was able to call his "boy," who procured the brandy for him. He continued his journey the next morning, but some months later had occasion to pass by the same village again. To his surprise the bungalow was no more advanced than when he had left it. On making enquiries he found that the owner had learnt of his illness and had in consequence discontinued building, being convinced that the house was haunted by evil spirits.

In these rambling recollections I have permitted myself to wander further from our boats than I hope I ever did in reality. For four days we voyaged by *klong* and river, but on the morning of the fifth day we left them behind us and entered the waters of the Inland Sea. At first we skirted a low lying jungle clad shore, while across the water the distant blue mountains were faintly outlined through the mist. From branch to branch the monkeys swung themselves chattering in anger and excite-

ment at our approach. We had intended crossing over to Patalung direct, but the roughness of the water compelled us to skirt round by the shore. Indeed, during the four days we voyaged down the *Tale Sap* we were unable to venture boldly forth at all hours and whithersoever we would. Generally we started out about four or five in the morning and rowed away until the wind rose, making the water too rough for us —which might be about eight o'clock or sometimes as late as noon—when we put in to the nearest shore and remained there until the next morning. The time passed pleasantly enough on land; once we toiled up the jungle-clad slopes of a low hill to be well rewarded when we reached the summit by the magnificent view of the milky coloured lake, the blue mountains and the dark green shore. At other times we visited the villages, to enter the *wats* or to watch the women weaving *pahnungs* at their looms, or, as at the town of Patalung, to call on the Commissioner and Governor, and later to dine with the former. Patalung is situated at the mouth of the river of that name, and in our walk through the town we were much struck by the air of cleanliness and prosperity all around. A good percentage of the houses were of bamboo plastered over, and the effect was very picturesque. The *wat* was small, but handsome with the triple roof to be found on so many of the Siamese *wats*, and which so resembles those of Norway. Over the door was the representation of a god on a horse with three heads, the centre one standing out in moulding, the other two merely carved in bas relief. Inside the building was the customary image of Buddha, and the walls were painted with brilliant and spirited renderings of scenes from his life.

Whereas at Nakawn the women always carried their burdens suspended from the ends of a long bamboo across the shoulder, at Patalung they balanced them on the head. The result of this was that upright carriage so justly admired and envied by Europeans. Up to a little time previous to our stay there this had also been the custom at Nakawn, but for some reason unknown to me had been forbidden by the authorities. It was at Patalung also that we noticed the primitive, but certainly effective, " cradles " used for carrying large stones, etc., a number of short bamboos joined together by rope to be carried by two men.

From Patalung we set forth the next morning at four o'clock, only to have to run for shore and land after a few hours' row, on account of the rough weather, and this was our experience each day that we voyaged down the Inland Sea.

The Western Entrance to Wei-Hei-Wei City.

Often our time on shore was spent in shooting, and if the game was not as plentiful as we could have wished, at least it was varied. Alligators, monitor lizards four and five feet long, white paddy birds (which we shot for our sailors' cooking pot), wild duck, doves, plovers, green pigeon, sandpipers, and snipe. Nor must I forget the *Yang sawooi*, a bird of the snipe species, but larger and of a bluish grey plumage, with upper bill of the same colour and the lower bill and legs yellow.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the ninth day we reached our destination, the town of Singora, capital of the province, and the seat of the High Commissioner. Patalung was the cleanest and prettiest town we had seen on our various journeys, but Singora was the most prosperous looking as regards wealth. There were very many more shops here than in either Patalung or Nakawn, and very much better shops too. A good percentage of the houses were of brick plastered over. This, though the sign of wealth, was nevertheless bad as regards health, since the buildings, being badly ventilated, harboured more germs than the more airy bamboo and attap palm houses of Nakawn. The work of the High Commissioner was everywhere in evidence. The roads that existed were good and were being daily increased. The people were made to fence in their gardens neatly and to cover the fences with bougainvillea. A low breakwater had been built along the sea front and His Excellency talked of clearing away the houses that obstructed the view of the harbour and of making a promenade there instead. *Klongs* were being dug, houses built, a new market erected and everywhere were to be noted signs of the High Commissioner's increasing activity.

During our stay at Singora His Excellency placed at our service a house on the hill, as being cooler for *farangs* (foreigners) than down at the water's edge. From the verandah of this house, as we sat beneath a trellised roof, covered thickly over with violet bougainvillea, we looked down upon as fair a scene as any to be met with. Our house was situated at the extremity of a narrow peninsula, and the building faced inland. On our right were the waters of the Inland Sea, dotted with the white and brown sails and scarlet pennants of the Chinese junks. On our left the China Sea, a blaze of shimmering gold and silver surf beneath the early morning sun, thundered against our rocky slopes; while down at our very feet stretched the dividing land—green paddy fields, still greener jungle, through which the city walls and red roofs of Singora peeped forth, and, beyond, the forest-clad mountains, greenest of all at

the setting of the sun, but all the livelong day looming blue and indistinct through the misty heat haze.

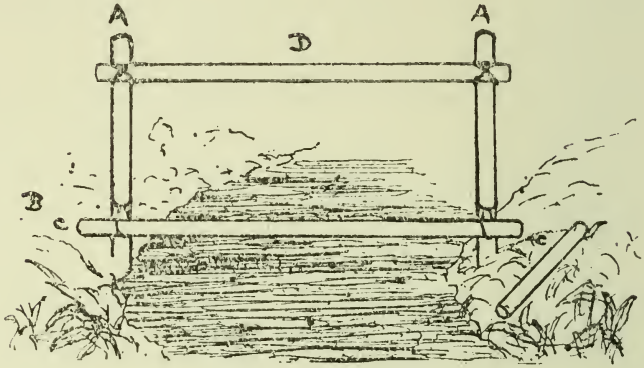


Fig. 1. (See page 3).

Wei-Hei-Wei.

By Mrs. ELLEN BEADNELL.

Wei-hei-wei is so successfully hidden away in its remote corner of the globe that probably many people who read about it in their morning papers have to refer to atlases to discover its whereabouts. For this procedure, however, there is certainly a good precedent. Everyone has heard the story of Lord Palmerston when he was appointed Colonial Secretary, when the first thing he did was to ask his secretary to fetch an atlas so that he might find out "where these confounded places are."

Strictly speaking, the name refers to a strip of the Shantung Province, forty miles east of Chifu and about ninety miles south of Port Arthur, but popularly it includes also the island of Leu-Kung-Tao, which contains our naval dockyard, coaling station, hospital, club, store-houses, etc.

To cross to the mainland from the island one must use the steam-launch "Foam," familiarly known as the "Death-trap." Although most of the residents live on the mainland the shops and bakehouses are on the island, so it is the custom of the mainlanders to telephone daily their orders to the island, the supplies being sent across in the "Foam." A rather amusing incident happened this summer. A lady, wishing for sheeps' brains for lunch, telephoned as usual to the butcher to send some across; later in the morning the following delightful message was delivered to her from the telephone office:—"Dear Madam, I regret to say the island possesses no brains to-day."

Seen from either entrance to the harbour the island strikes one as an exceedingly bare hill, with deep nullahs running down to the sea. The usual landing place for visitors is at Clarke's Pier which leads into the Bund, a busy road containing the Post Office, Clarke's Store, where you can buy anything from a flat-iron to a trombone, the steamship offices, naval canteen and a number of Chinese shops. The naval canteen is well worth a visit; originally it was a Chinese yamen, and still possesses painted screens at its doorways and Joss gargoyles leering down from its wonderful tiled roof. It must certainly be haunted, if not by "plenty devil pidgin," as the Chinese coolies declare, then by sad memories, for, during the Chino-Japanese war, a Chinese admiral here committed suicide after his flagship had been sunk in the harbour, and his faithful wives, in order to accompany him to Paradise, slowly killed themselves by swallowing gold-dust. The conning tower of the poor old ship still

holds her head above water, and during the practices for the naval regatta forms an excellent turning point for the various boats' crews of the British Fleet.

In early summer the lower part of the island is ablaze with such hollyhocks as surely cannot be found anywhere else on earth. Great masses of pink, crimson, purple, gold and primrose border each lane, fill every dusty gully, cover every hideous rubbish-heap with loveliness. Nature, perchance to atone for the lack of trees, has showered flowers upon this little island. In the spring, cornflowers luxuriate everywhere; in the summer, myriads of Canterbury bells, treble the size of the English variety and matchless in the purity of their blue, dangle from every nook and cranny of the hill-tops, and the breezes are rich with the delicious scent of yellow lilies; in the autumn come tangled masses of gaudy convolvuli and sunflowers of all sizes, from the small Japanese ones to the giants redolent of old English gardens.

During the busy summer months the Bund is filled with perspiring coolies of every shade of brown, carrying great weights by means of bamboo poles that rest on their naked shoulders. A Chinese coolie's summer outfit is simplicity itself—a pair of shapeless, blue lower garments, some straw sandals and a huge rush hat suffice him for all occasions. In winter, he blossoms out into wadded coat lined with sheepskin and indescribable under-layers, but when the sun shines he is a happy mortal, hampered by no useless rules as to clothes or manners.

Along the road from the post office to the naval yard stretch the fascinating Chinese shops, opened only for the benefit of the Fleet and the summer visitors. Here are silk shops, lace shops, china shops, grocers, fruiterers, photographers, tattooers; here also is Kateoka's, the famous shoe shop, where all the Europeans buy rubber shoes that last a lifetime. Just behind lives the fashionable naval tailor, a personage of such decided rotundity that long ago some wag called him "Jelly Belly," a name which appealed so immensely to the old Chinaman's sense of humour that it has ever since adorned his sign-board and headed his bills; in polite Wei-Hei circles, however, he is usually referred to as "J. B."

Beyond the naval yard is the sand-swept recreation ground belonging to the officers of the navy. Spectators at island cricket matches may always be sure of one of two things: either there will be a wind, when sand will be driven furiously into their eyes, and—even worse, perhaps—into their cups of tea, or there will be no wind, when the glare on the sand is so terrific that it is pain and grief to attempt to watch either

Drying Monkey Nuts outside houses in Wei-Hei-Wei.

The City Walls of Wei-Hei-Wei.

batting or bowling. The bluejackets have a charming ground, grass-covered and comparatively shady, at the opposite end of the village, near the golf links. These links stretch over the hills to the sea—in fact, so close to the cliff's edge is one "green" that a very slight misjudgment in an approach shot will cause the ball to disappear into the sea amidst howls of denunciation from the caddie who has to clamber down after it. The "greens," by the way, are about the fastest in the world and are made of clay, and it is no uncommon thing when there is a breeze to see a bad "putt" roll a couple of yards beyond the hole, come to a standstill and then roll back into the hole.

Insect life flourishes marvellously over these hill-sides; locusts and grasshoppers, like the poor, are ever present. Here, too, are the fascinating but savage husband-devouring praying-mantides, and in every little ditch are the dung-rolling beetles—the historic scarab—intent on hurrying home with balls of dirt, which they so conscientiously kneaded into shape, and in which are embedded their precious eggs. The noise on summer evenings is sometimes almost deafening; down below in the pools and marshes croak hundreds of frogs, while from every bush and tree comes the insistent, scissor-grinding noise of the male Cicadae—the females are dumb, and this caused the Greek poet Xenarchus to comment upon the unique situation in verse:—

> "Happy the Cicadas' lives,
> For they all have voiceless wives."

One misses song-birds sorely in Wei-Hei-Wei. Swallows, however, are there the whole summer darting hither and thither in search of winged food; and in spring the deep gorges of the mainland hills re-echo the duplicate calls of the cuckoo and the shrill screams of the sacred kites. The Chinese possess a wonderful love for and power over the feathered kind; there is one particularly unprepossessing Chinaman in Leu-Kung-Tao who, his day's work over, stands on the hill-side and, with pursed-out lips, emits a series of trills, at the sound of which the swallows overhead falter, circle and finally swoop down to him, alighting with the utmost confidence on his hand or arm. Great singing competitions are held in the villages between caged thrushes and larks, solemnly brought to the meeting place by their owners. What would an English mistress say if the cook demanded, as her right, two hours every afternoon in which to take her birds for an airing? Yet such privileges are expected and acknowledged in Wei-Hei-Wei, even in English households.

Near the links lies East Village, a most picturesque spot with low,

seaweed-thatched cottages and little brown children, with old, old faces, playing about in the doorways or under the shade of the trees. These trees are almost the only ones of any size on the island ; lately the Government has commenced to plant pine, so ten years hence Leu-Kung-Tao should be vastly improved ; to-day, it is a somewhat unkind spot on a hot day. The village roads are given up to pigs, geese, ducks and fowls, these latter being frequently dyed, wholly or partially, in some particular colour, to prevent unscrupulous neighbours claiming some coveted rooster ; sometimes the hens have small red " joss ribbons " tied to them to make them lay plentifully. One sees, too, these same bits of red tied to the scrub-oak trees in order that the silk-worms shall yield much silk.

Every possible piece of land is used by the Chinaman for Indian corn or pea-nuts. At harvest-time one can see here the veritable threshing-floors of the Old Testament, and hear in every lane the thud, thud, as the women and children loosen husk from core by means of the primitive flail. Fruit grows abundantly in the only large garden on the island ; pears, grapes, apples, of the rarest and most delicious varieties, yield generous crops each year, while tomatoes flourish like weeds. It is a regrettable fact that no assurance can be given as to the future of Wei-Hei-Wei, since fortunes lie wasting in the soil of island and mainland. Fruit-growing demands the sinking of a certain amount of capital first, and no one is going to sink capital in soil which in a year or two may be taken from him.

A highly important building is the United Services Club, a bungalow with a charming garden. The fortnightly ladies' dinner-night is a great institution throughout the summer ; the long verandah lighted by Japanese lanterns, the gay dresses, the decorated tables and, outside, the hot scented starlit night make up a charming picture for any but the most hardened woman-hater. This year some discontented members protested against women being admitted into the club ground on any pretext, so it was suggested that a notice should be posted up on the club gates :—" Members are requested to leave their dogs and wives outside."

The mainland consists of a long stretch of crumbly ground backed by frowning mountains rising one behind the other, and purple-shadowed gorges that might indeed be demon-haunted. After seeing them one sympathises with the fishermen in the junks in the harbour, who, before setting out to sea, invariably beat tom-toms and let off crackers—for

Chinese bathing in hot springs.

The District Magistrate's House.

devils cannot cross water, and a junk, once free of the shore, can no longer be molested by them, and hence the greatest care is taken to oust any who may have stepped on board while weighing anchor. Wolves are still seen on the Macdonnell Range, the highest of these mountains, and down on the sea-coast are marshes, the haunt, in autumn, of snipe, wild-duck and geese, and the happy hunting ground of keen sportsmen.

The best known parts of the mainland are Port Edward—where one lands—and Half-Moon and Narcissus Bays, famous for their mixed and moonlight bathing parties. At Port Edward are the Government Offices, Government House and other official residences, and excellent roads for walking or riding. The hills have been well planted for some years, and are most picturesque in spring and summer with undergrowth and numerous wild flowers. Some of these have already been alluded to, especially the yellow and scarlet lilies, which make such gorgeous splashes of colour; while campanulas, blue and pink convolvuli, harebells, irises, yellow chrysanthemums, buckwheat, wild pinks and wild thyme and the wild rose are very common. In late autumn these hills become bare and ugly, for the Chinese collect every leaf and blade of grass to burn in their *k'angs*. At one time they even cut down the newly-planted trees, but this practice soon ceased when fines were imposed upon the nearest village to the damaged trees. A *k'ang* is a large piece of stone that occupies about half the sleeping-room, with a small fireplace underneath that opens into the street. Throughout the bitter winter the entire family sleep on the *k'ang*, huddled together for warmth in an almost sealed-up bedroom. One shudders at the mere thought of the atmosphere in the morning.

Many of the hills are planted with scrub-oak—the feeding-grounds for silk-worms. In spring-time blue-clad peasants bring flat baskets, full of moths tied together in pairs to prevent their escape, and leave them on the trees, where they lay the eggs that ultimately develop into the great fat silk-worms that move lazily about and eat, eat, and eat. The silk they spin is much coarser than that given by the mulberry-fed silk-worms; hence the less delicate texture of Shantung silks.

The walled city of Wei-Hei-Wei is interesting, but one's pleasure in it is somewhat marred by the palpable smells that meet one at every corner. Here live the enamel-workers, whose beautiful work on silver has lately been so much in demand in England. The barracks of the disbanded Chinese Reigment form a most depressing feature of Port

Edward: waiting for orders, which will doubtless come some day, are houses, barracks and stables, falling into ruins, and weed-grown parade-grounds given over to pariah dogs and stray cats.

One small source of income for the local authorities is derived in a rather curious manner. To get married in Port Edward is the easiest thing on earth, provided that the parties are over age. So to Wei-Hei-Wei rush couples from Korea, Vladivostok, Tsingtau, where the course of true love is not so smooth, and, on the payment of a ridiculously small fee, they are joined in the bonds of matrimony, returning to their native shores rejoicing. It is greatly to be hoped that something will be done to make our little Far Eastern possession of Wei-Hei-Wei permanent, not only for the sake of the members of the China squadron, but also for the British residents of Shanghai, who so sorely require the tonic of a seaside holiday after the great heat of the summer.

Winter India—III.

Cawnpore: The City of Tragedy.

By the Author of "The Tourist's India."

> Serene the snow-white Angel stands,
> With drooping wings and folded hands,
> Scarce seeming to commemorate
> The Nana's fierce, relentless hate;
> While round the quiet garden, roar
> The busy mills of New Cawnpore.

CAWNPORE is to English visitors primarily a city of painful memories; in fact, the emotions aroused by the great cities of India might be epigrammatically expressed as follows:—At Delhi one is impressed, at Agra one is charmed, at Calcutta one is instructed, at Lucknow thrilled, while at Cawnpore one is harrowed.

Or, to put it another way, the impressions of the casual visitor to these cities are crystallised by some typical or dominating historic building. For instance, to nine out of ten travellers, Delhi means the Fort, Agra the Taj, Lucknow the Residency, Calcutta the Black Hole, Cawnpore the fatal well, and so on.

With the exception of the various sites and memorials of the Mutiny there is nothing to see at Cawnpore, yet it is one of the most frequented shrines of tourist culture in India.

As a military operation the siege itself is of slight importance, though Cawnpore, lying on the Ganges and also on the Grand Trunk road (the two great highways of travel in the days of the Mutiny) was the base of supplies for Lucknow, the capital of the newly-acquired Province of Oude, which had to be held at all hazards. The delay in the expedition for the final relief of Lucknow was, in fact, due partly to the necessity of securing the line of retreat for the great convoy of women and children and wounded from the Residency, whence they were despatched by river to Allahabad.

We will first visit the historic plain just outside the city, where for three weeks some three hundred soldiers and civilians, protected only by hastily thrown-up shelter trenches, faced by a four-foot mud-wall, "not high enough to keep out an active cow," guarded six hundred women and children and other non-combatants from the attacks of ten times this number of the Nana's fanatical troops.

Sir Hugh Wheeler has, of course, been blamed by critics, so profoundly

sagacious after the event, for not having moved the garrison and the Europeans to the magazine on the river banks—a well-fortified post—instead of moving them out to the exposed and hastily constructed lines in the open plain. But he feared to anticipate the revolt by removing the Sepoy guard, and, besides, he counted on the mutineers making straight for Delhi—as indeed they did, only to be recalled by the scheming and far-seeing Nana—and thought he would easily hold the entrenchments against the Cawnpore rabble.

The error of judgment was, as the event proved, of course, a fatal one ; but a venial fault compared with the criminal supineness of Generals Hewett and Wilson at Meerut. Besides, a study of the voluminous literature of the Mutiny shows that the Sepoy campaign produced almost as large an army of arm-chair critics and "military experts" as the South African War. No general seems to have emerged unscathed, and even Sir Henry Havelock has been adversely criticised for falling back twice in his attempt to relieve the Lucknow garrison, while Sir Colin Campbell has been severely blamed for his delay in the final capture of Lucknow. Then, in the earlier operations of the so-called siege of Delhi, unpardonable dilatoriness was shown by some of the commanders. For instance, General Anson took so long a time in marching on Delhi—throwing up unnecessary entrenchments at Umballa, for instance—that Sir John Lawrence, the Chief Commissioner, sent a cleverly veiled remonstrance in the form of a cipher despatch—"Clubs are trumps, not spades!"

The situation of the nine hundred odd souls in these miserable defences—a schoolboy might almost have jumped over the hastily dug shelter trench and mud wall which formed their only rampart against the batteries of the enemy—could not be more desperate.

Of all the terrible hardships and privations of the besieged, the scarcity of water was the greatest ; every drop of water meant literally the price of blood, for the enemy had carefully trained a gun on the only well, and even at night it was a target for grape-shot. This deficiency of water became almost unendurable during the last twelve days, when, owing to the Nana's troops having burned the building which served as a hospital, delicate women and children had to lie out in the trenches exposed to the burning rays of the sun in the height of the hottest season.

Among the band of heroes, perhaps the most heroic was a mere civilian, a certain Mr. John Mackillop, who, humorously deprecating the risks, remarked that, as he was no fighting man, he was willing to make himself

useful where he could, so would take charge of the well. This post of honour he held for a week, till he was shot down. A characteristic story of his devotion and self-sacrifice is told of his last moments, when he was dying with grape-shot in the groin. His last words were an earnest entreaty that "somebody would go and draw water for a lady to whom he had promised it."

The masonry of the well still bears traces of the grape-shot and bullets fired by the Sepoys. It is a pity that there is no enclosure or any tablet to mark the scene of these heroic exploits, though, indeed, "the dire agony of Cawnpore needs not be figured in marble, or cut into granite, or cast in bronze. There is no fear lest we should forget the story of our people. The whole place is their tomb, and the name thereof is their epitaph."

The historic and strategic importance of the Lucknow siege has perhaps a little obscured the far more perilous investment of Cawnpore, which was admittedly the field of even greater feats of heroism and self-sacrifice. Indeed, Lady Inglis considered the perils and hardships of Lucknow light in comparison. The casualties during the three weeks' investment were actually far more than during the three months' siege of Lucknow. Out of the nine hundred persons (including three hundred soldiers) who had taken refuge behind General Wheeler's lines on June 6th, about half this number had fallen by June 27th, when the untenable position was surrendered.

The appalling mortality is significantly shown in a paper picked up by one of General Havelock's soldiers, in which Miss Lindsay (who, with her two surviving sisters, perished in the final massacre) kept an account of the killed and wounded *in a single family*. It runs thus, telling its own tale :—"Entered the barracks May 21st. Cavalry left June 5th. First shot fired June 6th. Aunt Lilly died June 17th. Uncle Willy died June 18th. Left barracks June 27th. George died June 27th. Alice died July 9th. Mamma died July 12th."

Then, the siege having culminated in the awful series of massacres, there were actually only four survivors—Captain Thomson, Lieutenant de la Fosse, and Privates Murphy (now custodian of the Cawnpore Memorial Garden) and Sullivan—to tell the terrible story of Cawnpore. The nearest historic parallel in India is the Kabul disaster of 1841, when Dr. Brydon was the only survivor out of a force of some four thousand five hundred men.

As to the expediency of the surrender, there are, of course, many

opinions, but there was practically no alternative. The besieged had almost come to an end of their provisions, over half their number had succumbed, the water was running alarmingly short, and there was no prospect of relief. Then, as Sir George Trevelyan points out, the fact that the rainy season was approaching would render the position of the beleaguered absolutely untenable. The flimsy mud wall of the entrenchments " would sink and crumble beneath the fury of a tropical tempest."

General Wheeler, indeed, was inclined to refuse Nana Sahib's offer to grant the garrison a free passage to Allahabad on condition of their delivering up their battered defences, the guns, and the treasure. But the other officers, who had certainly earned the right to advise prudence, urged that accepting these terms was the only chance for the numerous women and children and the wounded. It was of course the crowd of non-combatants that mainly influenced the decision. But for these, the troops might have cut their way through the rebels to the river, and some no doubt would have reached Allahabad.

The story of the black treachery of Nana Sahib culminating in the massacres at the Ghat and of the survivors at the Bibi-garh, perhaps the most ghastly of all the tragedies of the great Mutiny, showed that the General's suspicions were only too well founded.

Indeed, to quote again Sir George Trevelyan :—" The great crime of Cawnpore blackens the page of history with a far deeper stain than any Sicilian Vespers or September Massacres ; for this atrocious act was prompted not by diseased and mistaken patriotism, nor by the madness of superstitution, nor yet by incontrollable fear that knew not pity."

We begin the interesting, if painful, pilgrimage of the Mutiny sites—the only " sights," indeed, of this otherwise commonplace and prosperous commercial city—with the memorial church close to General Wheeler's historic entrenchments. Its architectural features are poor, but with its walls lined with memorials and inscriptions to those who fell at Cawnpore it may be regarded as a fellow Valhalla of the Mutiny to that at Delhi.

No traces, of course, remain of the mud walls of the famous entrenchments, but their course is marked by white pillars. A visit to this historic site makes one appreciate better the heroic defence of the glorious three hundred of Cawnpore than the study of whole pages of description. The well, which proved such a terrible death trap, will of course be visited, but this should not be confused with the disused sepulchral well near the

modern barracks, in which those who died during the defence were buried. The latter well is enclosed, and on the base of the memorial cross can be read this inscription :

" In a well under this cross were laid, by the hands of their fellows in suffering, the bodies of men, women, and children, who died hard by during the heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments when beleagured by the rebel Nana, June 6 to 27, 1857."

Following the topographical and historical sequence of the Cawnpore siege, we now take the road to the Massacre Ghat, about a mile distant, mentally accompanied perhaps by that hapless band of four hundred and fifty survivors wearily trudging along on foot, or borne on bullock carts, palanquins, and elephants, down to the river bank, soon to prove a veritable shambles. A ruined temple, appropriately dedicated to Siva the Destroyer, marks the site of this awful massacre.

A short distance below the Massacre Ghat the banks were studded with numerous temples, which proved later such convenient cover whence the enemy could fire on Havelock's bridge of boats, that it was found necessary to blow them up. The priests begged for the mercy which the British Government had always shown to native places of worship, whereupon Sir Robert Napier intimated that if any one of them could prove that he had interceded for the life of a single Christian then his temple should be spared. Not a single voice replied.

" Seated on the steps of the temple, it is hard to realise that historical tragedy," writes Mr. G. W. Forrest, the son of that Lieutenant Forrest who gained his V.C. for the defence of the Delhi magazine. " All around is so calm and peaceful. No sound breaks the stillness of the air ; not a breath of air ruffles the broad bosom of the Ganges. A country boat is floating down the stream, and the wide white sails catch the golden rays of the sun as it rises above the horizon this fresh December morning."

The Memorial Garden and Well is the goal in the last stage of this Indian Via Dolorosa. Great taste has been shown in the laying out of this garden, and its position in the middle of an arid, sandy plain emphasises by contrast, the charms of this verdant and shady God's Acre.

The memorial monument in the midst of this beautiful garden renders it difficult now to realise the horrors it seeks to commemorate. Marochetti's " Angel of the Resurrection," bearing the palms of victory, with the simple inscription, " These are they which came out of great tribulation," must appeal to the least emotional or imaginative.

Exceedingly beautiful are the smooth, green lawns, with masses of roses

one hardly expects to see out of Devonshire. "Not roses only, for all rare and beautiful flowers are here in the same luxuriance—walls of golden bignonia and bougainvillea, whose long sprays of delicate leaves festoon each shrub that comes within reach."

In the awful and tragic story of the second Cawnpore massacre (July 15th), there is nothing perhaps which affects the reader so much as the following significant statement, by one who saw the spot two days afterwards, that the "plaster of the walls was scored with sword cuts, not high up, as where men have fought, but low down, and about the corners, as if a creature had crouched to avoid the blow. Strips of dresses, vainly tied round the handles of the doors, signified the contrivance to which feminine despair had resorted as a means of keeping out the murderers."

But it is well not to dwell on this terrible tragedy, which, indeed, the beautiful memorial, with its divine message of pity, should help one to forgive, if not forget.

The statue is graceful and impressive, and seems obviously meant to represent Christian resignation; though, curiously enough, visitors read all kinds of emotions into the attitude and expression of Marochetti's angel—grief, pity, resignation, triumph (apparently symbolised by the palms of martyrdom), and even vengeance. The last suggestion seems very improbable, though it is significant—and this is, I believe, a fact not generally known—that the original text proposed for the inscription was: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Fortunately, saner and wiser, and certainly more Christian, counsels prevailed; and no text more impressive, dignified and appropriate could be chosen than the one now inscribed: "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

It is unfortunate that the palms held by the angel should bear such a striking resemblance to the broom carried by sweepers—the lowest caste. The native's mind cannot rise above this idea, and he supposes that the avenging angel represents the bearer of the broom wherewith the blood of the victims was swept up!

There is no doubt something to be said for the humanitarian view that it would be a magnanimous policy to refrain from perpetuating the painful memories of the tragic story of the Mutiny at Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore, by maintaining in the Cashmere Gate, the Residency, or the Memorial Well a kind of monumental museum of this terrible catastrophe—that, in short, the preservation of these stone records is a perpetual source of irritation and mortification to our loyal Indian

Bear Shooting in Finland : A day's bag.

subjects. By striving to obliterate these harrowing recollections, the ruling race would, it is urged, help to further the noble aspiration of that great man who bid his countrymen draw from the horrors of Cawnpore the lesson that in such bloody scenes each Englishman should "breathe a silent petition for grace to do in his generation some small thing towards the conciliation of races estranged by a terrible memory."

On the other hand, the official view would probably be that it is well to preserve these memorials as an "awful warning" embodied in stone —a kind of object lesson to the native races. In connection with this suggestion to obliterate all these relics of the Mutiny, Lord Curzon in one of his speeches spoke feelingly and forcibly :

"Pass over them the sponge of forgiveness : blot them out with the finger of mercy and reconciliation, but do not for the sake of a false sentiment forfeit your chance of honouring that which is worthy of honour. All these events are wayside marks in the onward stride of time. God Almighty placed them there : and if some of the stepping stones over which the English and the Indian people in this country have marched to a better understanding, and a truer union, have been slippery with human blood, do not ignore or cast them away. Rather let us wipe them clear of their stains and preserve them intact for the teaching of those that come after."

Besides, as has been well said by Mr. G. W. Forrest, in his "Cities of India," the story of the world-wide tragedy of the Mutiny is the prose epic of our Indian Empire, and those who read it in the right spirit will find something beyond cruel atrocities, thrilling adventures, or exciting battle scenes.

Such, briefly and inadequately told, is the story of the most moving tragedy of the Great Mutiny. It is to be feared that for generations this commonplace and prosperous city will be associated with the most ghastly tragedy of modern Indian history. And when the traveller arriving by train from Allahabad, "rousing himself to learn at what stage of his journey he may have arrived, is aware of a voice proclaiming through the darkness the city of melancholy fame—then those accents, heard for the first time on the very spot itself which they designate, recall more vividly than written or engraven eloquence the memory of fruitless valour and unutterable woe."

Bear Shooting in Finland.

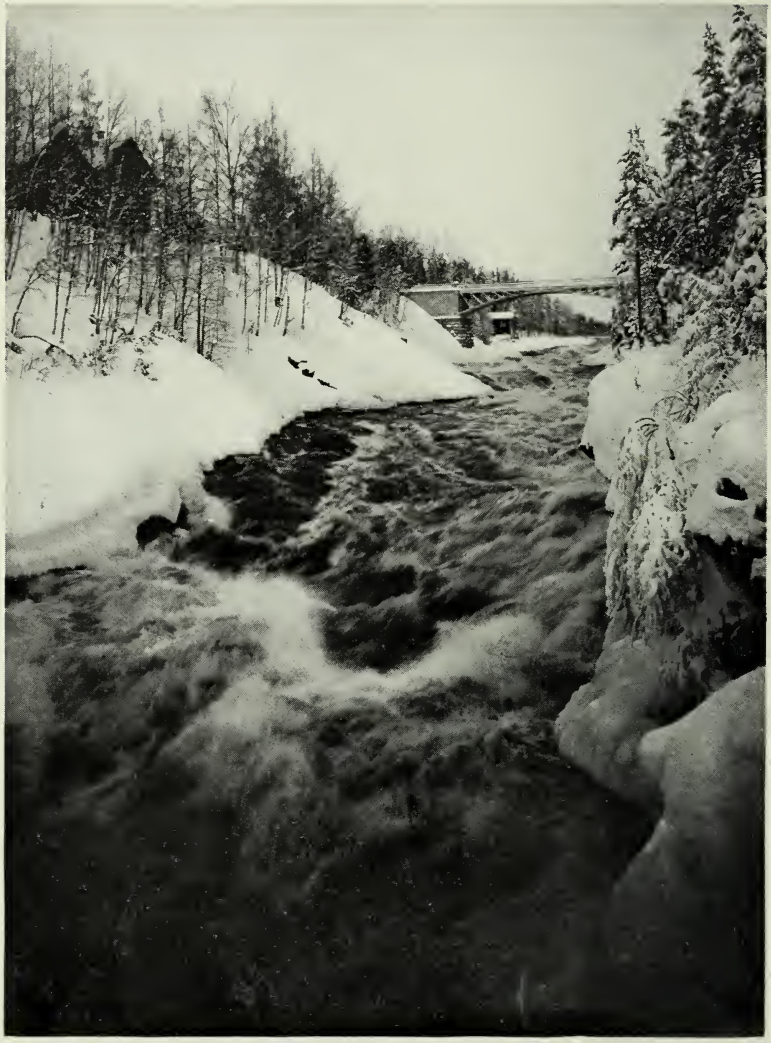
By ERNEST YOUNG.

Finland, the "Land of a Thousand Lakes," is a comparatively unknown and unexplored land to the English tourist and sportsman, and yet there are few countries in Europe which offer both of them so many and such varied objects of interest. It is true that Finland is not rich in historical or architectural associations likely to appeal to the Englishman who usually knows little of the history of any land except his own, and not always overmuch of that. But, on the other hand, the lakes and waterways, the forests and the pine-clad ridges of this northern land, are one continual charm, whether viewed in the pride of their winter beauty or in the glory of the magnificent and almost nightless summer.

Sport of some kind or another can be pursued throughout the whole of the year. It varies in character from pearl-fishing to bear-shooting, and includes interesting seal hunting, salmon and trout fishing in swirling foam-crested rapids, journeys in open rowing boats down boiling roaring torrents, and yachting amongst the thousands of wooded flower-strewn islands that make the Finnish archipelago a never-ending delight.

If we had to single out any one form of sport as the national one we should probably award that distinction to ski-ing, for the ski is often the only possible means of travelling in winter over the extensive tracts of deep unsullied snow. But one of the sports which is rapidly increasing in favour is that of "bringing the bears to the ground."

In autumn, when the first snows begin to fall, heralding the approach of the long dark winter, the bears select camping grounds for themselves where they can sleep peacefully till the spring-time comes again. The male and the female select separate habitations, and if there be any young they sleep with the mother. A great deal of care and attention is bestowed upon the selection of the lair, or "ide" as it is called locally, and Bruin roams about, looking at various apartments with a critical eye as to their appropriateness for a long period of somnolescence. Having once made his choice he flings himself down in the freshly fallen snow, curls himself up for his long nap, and is perfectly oblivious of any further snow showers that Nature may see fit to bestow about his resting place. He is often completely snowed up, and it frequently happens that he is



Imatra in Winter.

surrounded by snow several feet deep. His warm breath then keeps clear a small opening which leads upwards through the snow, and out of which the steam from his breath escapes, like smoke from a chimney. If the bear be disturbed and driven from such comfortable quarters, he makes no attempt to dig out another hollow in the snow in some other place, but he breaks off a number of branches from the fir-trees and makes a bed called a "korgide" or "basket-bed" upon which he lies down and again seeks repose.

At the beginning of the winter, peasants who are skilled hunters go out into the woods and look for traces of the bear. If they find that the track of a bear disappears in a thicket, they do not follow the animal, but they make a wide circuit of the whole place. If no tracks lead out of the thicket the assumption is that there is a bear inside. The whole circumference is then re-surveyed until the assumption becomes a certainty, and then preparations are made for the future of the bear. The observations are continued by day and night until the time of hunting comes round.

The discoverer of the lair has certain duties and certain privileges. On the first day after he has completed the circuit of the suspected area he gives notice to the ranger for the district and also to the minister of his parish. On the following Sunday, the parson announces from the pulpit that peasant "A" has found a "ring" in a certain neighbourhood, and it is not to be interfered with. Finnish law makes special provision for the punishment of any person who neglects the clergyman's warning. In the meantime the ranger has sent notice of the find to certain sporting clubs, to distinguished sportsmen, and to the Tourist Association in Helsingfors, and has offered the "ring" for sale. The cost of a licence to shoot in this "ring" varies from £15 to £25, according to the number of "rings" available. This year there were about twelve of them in the neighbourhood of Sortavala alone, and the licence for each was £20. Lest any peasant should be tempted into acts of trickery, this money is not paid until a later date when the hunt takes place and the bear is actually driven out. A portion of the sum, generally one-half, has usually to be deposited as a sign of good faith on the part of the sportsman, but this is returned to him if no bear be found in the "ring." It very rarely happens that the sportsman is disappointed, as the peasants are both keen in tracking the bear and keeping it under subsequent observation. Occasionally, however, the bear gets frightened by dogs, or disturbed by excessively bad weather, and quits the "ring"

unperceived. As soon as the peasant discovers that the bear has gone, he follows the trail and eventually " rings " in poor Bruin again.

The best time for shooting is early in March. The person who has purchased a " ring " is advised—especially if he be a foreigner—to go direct to Helsingfors and there to call upon the Finnish Tourist Association, where, at the present time, the whole of the bear hunting in Finland is organised. Here a guide and an interpreter can be engaged. The men ask fifteen marks a day (a mark is worth tenpence) and all their travelling expenses. The party next proceeds by rail to Sortavala at the head of Lake Ladoga, where an exceedingly comfortable hotel is to be found. From Sortavala the rest of the journey is made by sleigh, though it is possible to travel on horseback. The district of Nomais or of Suojärvi, where the bears are most numerous, lies to the east, and is usually reached in one night's travelling. The huntsman is provided with an abundance of rugs, and he lies as warm and comfortable amidst these as in the warmest of feather beds. On he goes through the night, the bright stars above him, the pure white snows around him, and when he arrives in the early morning at the scene of the shooting he is probably quite sorry that the fascinating journey has been so rapidly accomplished.

After he has taken a good breakfast in company with the peasants and has seen that the dogs and the beaters are all ready, the hunt begins. Under the guidance of the local huntsmen, the party reaches the purchased " ring." The bear is routed out, either by the beaters or the dogs, and, as a rule, he makes straight for the hunter as though anxious to retaliate immediately and effectively upon the one who has been mainly responsible for shortening his nap. If, however, the bear prefers to make a raid upon the beaters, the latter allow him to come close up to them and then, at a prearranged signal, they utter a loud cry which so frightens the bear that he turns his attention to the huntsman who aims near the shoulder-blades. He obviously prefers not to touch the head, as this would spoil the trophy that signalises and perpetuates his skill.

Fighting with these bears is considered to be of great interest, as there is plenty of excitement when the savage beast makes a dead set at the man with the gun. Few Englishmen are likely to adopt the methods of an Italian Count who, some years ago, purchased one of the " rings." He refused to have the bear routed out, but went gingerly up to the " ide," stuck his gun down the aperture, and fired at the bear as he lay asleep under the snow.

If the bear is brought down, the beaters join together in a quaint

national dance to the sound of their own weird and lusty singing. Healths are quaffed in brandy that has been brought along for the occasion, there is laughter and shouting, and the successful sportsman will not lack joyful companions. Then the fore-legs and the hind-legs of the beast are tied together and, hanging upon a pole, home goes conquered Bruin. If any young cubs are found with their mother in the "ide" they are packed away in a sack which is slung on a pole, and in this way they, too, join in the hunter's triumphal procession.

In Viborg and other towns it is not uncommon to see young bears which have been caught in this manner acting as playmates for the children and running about at large in the gardens and on the hills.

The cost of a bear-hunt is a fairly high one, but it must be remembered that it is highly exhilarating, and that owing to the scarcity of bears, not a very common one. It must be remembered, too, that during these hunting expeditions, an opportunity is afforded of catching glimpses of the winter scenery of a particularly interesting land. Not so very far from Sortavala is the great cataract of Imatra, where the most pampered of beings will find hotel comforts that will be at once a surprise and a delight to him after his excursion to the backwoods. Imatra is unique in its way, a waterfall that falls only seventy feet, but in so doing dashes down a gorge half a mile in length with a fury and a noise that are indescribable.

"Roaring and hissing with rage, the tortured waters pile themselves mountains high in an instant, and sweep down the moderate incline in a furious phalanx of angry wave warriors, dashing from one rocky side of the gorge to the other, diving, raging, roaring, whirling, plunging, hurling angry hisses of spray to this side and that, and at the foot of the narrow torture-chamber standing up in mighty water columns and twisting round to face the rock walls that have confined them as though they half thought of turning again and rending them ere they depart once more upon their course in unimpeded freedom and gradually regained calm and majesty."

Six Flemish Cities.

A Bird's-Eye View.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL.

It is, perhaps, partly due to its proximity to our shores that Belgium, actually one of the most attractive touring grounds in Europe, is popularly thought to be rather common-place compared with Switzerland, Italy or Norway. Yet its most interesting cities, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp or Louvain, hardly yield to Venice or Florence in artistic and historic interest.

Perhaps, too, the fact that these cities were formerly the most important industrial and trading centres in Northern Europe partly accounts for the popular view ; and those to whom the historic sense is lacking may, by the pardonable analogy of our own great and essentially modern commercial cities, such as Birmingham or Manchester, assume that they were trade centres and nothing more. We are apt to forget that the mediæval industrial capitals were equally the chief art foci of the time. Indeed, Belgium was to the north of Europe what Italy was to the south —the great artistic centre of mediævalism.

There is another factor in the case which makes these Flemish cities so attractive to visitors of artistic tastes. Belgium has escaped, to a greater extent than any other part of Western Europe, the terrible cataclysms—from an artistic point of view—of the Protestant Reformation, the Puritan Revolution, and the French Revolution, which did so much to ravage and despoil the churches, abbeys and national monuments of England and France respectively. The intolerant Puritans destroyed much of the decorative work of English Cathedrals, while the excesses of the French Revolution left little but the bare fabric of many of the finest French churches. Consequently Belgium, in its great national monuments, churches, museums and guildhalls, retains much of its mediæval splendour.

Antwerp or Ostend will probably be the starting place of nine out of ten travellers in a circular tour which should include Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, Brussels, Louvain and Antwerp, the six most interesting towns. But artistic and historic considerations demand that the above order should be followed, the tour ending at Antwerp, which may be considered as the last word in Flemish art and history.

It is a striking change from the cosmopolitan gaiety of the essentially

Sortavala.

A bit of Imatra.

modern Ostend, with its kursaal, fashionable promenades, palatial hotels and villas, to the quaint, picturesque and old-world city of Bruges, which has, indeed, been aptly described as a fifteenth century fossil.

We begin, then, with Bruges, which may almost be regarded as a mediæval museum, so rich is it in artistic treasures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—its churches, hospitals and guildhalls are veritable art-galleries. To artists, of course, it is chiefly famed for its Memlings, just as Ghent is for Van Eycks, Brussels for Vandycks and Rembrandts, while Antwerp is remembered for its incomparable examples of Rubens. But it is not only for its pictures that the intelligent tourist visits this city. Its public buildings are of great historic as well as artistic interest. Indeed, the noble group of buildings—the Hotel de Ville, the Cloth Hall, Belfry, and Palais de Justice—in or around the Grande Place, which constitute the nucleus of the city, can compare favourably with almost any similar cluster of mediæval buildings in Europe, except perhaps the unique Piazza of Pisa.

Adjoining the Cloth Hall is the Belfry (which should certainly be climbed on account of the striking bird's eye view from the summit). This is a characteristic and important feature of Flemish cities, and is an instructive historical relic, embodying as it does the municipal privileges of the burghers in the middle ages, for the right of erecting such a bell-tower was stoutly resisted by the feudal lords of the various burgher communities.

The carillon is one of the finest in Belgium. (See page 33). It consists of a huge cylinder (virtually a musical box on a colossal scale) of copper weighing nearly a ton, in which over 30,000 holes have been punched. A suspended weight of 4,000 lbs. sets the cylinder in motion, which, revolving, operates the hammers of the chimes. A public performance is given three times a week, the organist beating the large keys of the colossal key-board with his fist !

The decorated statuary of the magnificent Hotel de Ville affords a monumental history of mediæval Flanders, as it comprises numerous portrait statues of notables connected with Bruges, from Baudouin à la Hache to Leopold I. Adjoining is the exquisite little Gothic Chapel of St. Sang, a Flemish counterpart of the Paris Sainte Chapelle, and, like that architectural gem, it consists of a lower and upper chapel. It was built as a shrine to hold a precious relic brought from the Holy Land by Thierry d'Alsace, 15th Count of Flanders, in 1149—no less than some drops of the veritable blood of Christ. The bottle containing the alleged blood,

which is yellow in colour, is about five inches long and enclosed in a crystal cylinder decorated with valuable gems. The relic is shown to the public on Friday and Sunday mornings, being held by a priest seated on a dais, before whom the worshippers defile, each kissing the cylinder in turn.

But the great attraction of Bruges is the unique collection of Memling's masterpieces in the Hospital of St. Jean. This little "one man's show," to adopt the slang of the day, is indeed almost worthy to rank with that of the Fra Angelicos at San Marco, in Florence, or the Giottos at the Arena in Padua, perhaps the two most valuable galleries of a single painter's art in the world.

Of the half-dozen works of art, the chief gem is the exquisite shrine of St. Ursula. It is a Gothic chapel in miniature, covered with dainty pictures of the legend of the saint, one of the most poetic in the whole range of hagiology; and they have been treated by Memling in the spirit of a fairy tale, with an art that carries away every sympathetic visitor.

The incredible legend of the 11,000 virgins who are associated with St. Ursula's martyrdom has a curious origin, being evidently founded on a curious error in the reading of the manuscript, "M" being interpreted in a credulous age as representing the numeral 1,000 (Millia) instead of an abbreviation of martyrum. The full reading (XI. M.V.) being *Undecim Martyrum Virginum*, instead of *Undecim Millia Virginum.* Memling evidently discredits the popular story, as he invariably represents the saint attended by *eleven* virgins.

But there is so much to be seen at Bruges that one is apt to lose one's sense of literary proportion in describing this mediæval city. I can only remind visitors that in addition to the sights above mentioned, the churches of St. Jacques, Notre Dame, and the Cathedral of St. Sauveur —we can forgive its ugly and forbidding exterior for the sake of the innumerable artistic treasures it enshrines—should not be omitted. In Notre Dame there is much to repay the tourist besides the famous mausoleum of Charles the Bold, with which most visitors content themselves, while in St. Jacques are good paintings by Maes, Nollet, Van Oost and Hondhorst.

Then the small Academy should be visited if only for two good examples of Van Eyck, the founder of the Flemish school, and the inventor of oil painting.

Bruges is singularly rich in historic houses, especially in the streets

Street in Mogador.

(See page 49.)

of St. Arnaud and Marécage. In the one now numbered 19 Rue Marécage Charles le Bel was born, and the tall brick house with picturesque mullion windows (numbered 18 in Rue St. Arnaud) is said to have been the residence of Charles II. during a portion of his exile. But after all the best way to "do" Bruges is to have no set itinerary, but to wander leisurely through the streets lined with houses that have come down to us straight from the seventeenth century.

Every walk is, in short, a succession of pictures. The old walls, the gates, the churches and belfries, the quaint step-gables of the houses, the Madonnas in the niches, are full of charm, and everything seems permeated with the mediæval atmosphere. In short, there is no denying that Bruges is one of the most fascinating cities in Europe.

Of Bruges, then, enough has perhaps been said to show how deserving this old-world city is of the attention of the tourist. Yet to many Bruges is looked upon merely as a cheap residence for impecunious foreigners —a kind of Belgian counterpart to Boulogne-sur-mer—and a refuge for English people of limited means.

Ghent is reached from Bruges after an uninteresting railway journey of three-quarters of an hour. Fortunately for a country whose chief interest, from the traveller's standpoint, lies in the towns rather than its scenery, there are no long railway journeys in Belgium. In fact one of the most pleasing features of Belgium as a holiday field is that it is seldom necessary to spend more than an hour on end in the train. the places of interest lying so closely together.

Historically, the birth-place of "time-honoured Lancaster" and the Emperor Charles V. is a city of great importance, though as a great industrial centre it has lost the pre-eminence it enjoyed in the golden age of Charles V., when it was one of the most populous cities in North Europe, boasting over 170,000 inhabitants. Indeed, the punning retort of Charles V. to the King of France that he could put all Paris into his glove (gant) is historic.

Ghent, though more modernised than Bruges, offers in its fine old churches and noble town hall enough to detain the visitor several days. But though Ghent has less of the mediæval atmosphere than Bruges, it is still a charming old town, intersected by numerous canals like a northern Venice, the twenty-six islands which comprise the city being joined by nearly three hundred bridges. Its great sight is the cathedral of St. Bavon, containing Van Eyck's world-famous Adoration of the Lamb. This altar-piece is an immense picture—indeed, it is rather a collection of pictures, there being many panels and compartments in which are

depicted various scriptural episodes, so that we have here what is virtually an epitome of fifteenth century theology and religious symbolism.

Unfortunately some of the paintings in the side compartments of the principal picture are copies, as six of the originals were sold to the Berlin Gallery for £1,600, and two are to be seen in the Brussels Gallery.

The cathedral itself is disappointing, having been much restored. All those to whom old churches appeal should, however, make a special visit to St. Nicolas, some portion of the fabric dating from the thirteenth century. The Hotel de Ville is certainly a magnificent building, but will offend severe critics by the curious combination of Gothic and Classical styles. The belfry is decidedly an imposing structure. It boasts of a valuable historical relic in the weathercock, a gilt dragon (actually ten feet long). This was part of the "loot" of Constantinople taken by Count Baldwin VIII., who brought it from the church of St. Sophia in 1204. The famous bell, "Roland," the tocsin bell immortalised by Longfellow :—

> "Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
> 'I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land.'"

still shown to visitors, is not, however, the historical one, as this was removed by Charles V.

A curious feature of the street life of Ghent is the brigade of dogs which have been trained to act as police! Dogs as beasts of burden are, of course, common enough in most Belgian cities, but I believe Ghent is the only city where canine myrmidons of the law are employed.

Ypres ought, of course, to be visited from Bruges or Ghent, if only for its Cloth Hall, by some considered the finest in Belgium, but it is not very accessible, and few tourists, unless specially interested in Gothic architecture, find their way to this quaint, but comparatively moribund, Flemish city.

We are not all, however, artists or students of architecture, and no doubt many of us can have too much even of the finest pictures of the Flemish school, the most picturesque streets, or the best examples of mediæval domestic architecture embodied in town hall, belfry or guild-hall. A visit to Brussels will then afford a refreshing interlude, for though its art treasures are many and valuable, yet it offers innumerable attractions of a more Philistine order.

Brussels well merits its popular epithet, "Paris in miniature," though some authorities consider that this term is too depreciatory, for the Belgian capital is actually artistically of greater interest intrinsically

even than the French metropolis, inasmuch as its collections of national and local art far surpass those of Paris, for, of course, the Louvre Gallery is essentially foreign and exotic.

Then in its magnificent Hotel de Ville and Maison du Roi, Brussels possesses (*teste* Grant Allen) two of the finest secular buildings in the world, while if the stupendous pile, the Palais de Justice, is grandiose rather than grand, it is certainly the most imposing modern building in Europe, and its æsthetic shortcomings are at all events not so glaring as those of another famous modern building, the Grand Opera of Paris.

The attractions of Brussels are too numerous even to be briefly catalogued in this bird's eye view of Belgian cities.

The famous Wiertz Museum will, of course, be included in every visitor's itinerary. The grotesqueness and *diablerie* of Wiertz's sensational studies, though they offend the strictest canons of art, certainly exercise a powerful fascination on the ordinary tourist. Indeed, candour would probably compel even the cultured visitor, predisposed to disparage this collection as a superior kind of Musée Grevin, to admit that their memories of these extraordinary paintings are more enduring than any of the masterpieces in the Brussels National Gallery !

The extraordinary power and convincing character of this erratic artist's brush are undeniable. Take the awesome picture of Napoleon perishing in hell, surrounded by the infuriated victims of his insensate ambition. After all, Wiertz should not be judged by the undeniably horrible and gruesome " Buried Alive," for instance, with its theatrical accessories of peep-holes and panoramic devices, though it is perhaps the most popular picture with strangers. It may be mentioned that the ghastly incident is founded on fact, the cholera-stricken moribund, eventually snatched from a living grave, being a few years ago a familiar figure in the Brussels streets.

Louvain is only half an hour by rail from Brussels, and is famed for its " Flamboyant Gothic " Town Hall, the most richly decorated in Belgium. Other sights are the church of St. Pierre, which once had the tallest church tower in the world (five hundred and thirty feet high), since partially blown down by a hurricane, and the church of St. Gertrude, containing in its choir stalls the finest examples of wood carving in Belgium. In one of the public squares is a statue of Father Damien, the heroic leper missionary, who was a native of Louvain.

The crowning glory of Antwerp from the traveller's point of view is its magnificent picture gallery, one of the six great galleries of Europe.

Owing to the large proportion of Biblical subjects it may be regarded as the most religious collection in the world. It is unfortunate that there is no special saloon, as at the Louvre and the Uffizi, reserved for the masterpieces out of this vast collection of 1,500 pictures. The ordinary visitor who can only afford a few hours for this gallery will be well advised to confine himself to the four halls numbered B, C, I, and J, where most of the masterpieces are preserved. At no gallery in Europe can Rubens be better studied than at Antwerp.

The cathedral, though a little over-rated, is a fine example of Gothic, unique architecturally in the possession of six aisles. But it is best known to strangers by the three world-famous pictures of Rubens, "The Descent from the Cross," "The Elevation of the Cross" and "The Assumption of the Virgin." Unimaginative and soulless must be the person to whom these great works do not appeal, especially "The Elevation of the Cross"! Who can forget the inimitable accessory of the spaniel leaping up in the attempt to reach his beloved master stretched on the cross. It was, indeed, an inspiration of genius which induced Rubens, some seventeen years after he had painted this masterpiece, to ignore the conventions of Renaissance art by adding this supremely life-like touch.

Then the famous Plantin Museum, in its exquisite setting of a sixteenth century palace (bought by the City of Antwerp in 1876 as a national monument), will, of course, be visited.

These are the three principal sights of Antwerp, but even those with no taste for art or architecture will find plenty of attractions in this progressive and thriving city. The vast system of docks alone will provide a whole day's entertainment to the practical-minded visitor. Let him take his stand on the Quai Van Dyck and watch the great ocean liners being silently loaded by one of the numerous hydraulic cranes, each controlled by an engineer perched in a kind of glass cage at the top of each crane. In the matter of public recreations, Antwerp is only excelled by Brussels. It has delightful parks and promenades, and the finest menagerie on the Continent, to say nothing of theatres, music-halls, cafés, &c.

The Bells of Bruges.

By MAXWELL GRAY.

Chime, sweet carillon, chime, and drop
  Mingling melodies down
From the winged and buttressed belfry top
  Over the ancient town.

The city of silent waterways,
  By echoing bridges crossed,
Heavy with shadows of long-dead days
  And glories long since lost :

Rain, wild carillon, ring, and rain
  Melody golden sweet,
Over the city, over the plain,
  And over the murmuring street.

Dusky centuries brood and dream
  On minster, market and hall ;
Their dead voice lives in the musical stream
  That drops from the belfry tall :

Their music swims to the ambient air
  Eddies and floats around,
Broken and tossed in the market-square
  That is dreamy and dim with sound.

Bethlehem to Beersheba.*

By JOEL COOK.

Author of "Switzerland and the Rhine."

An excellent highway, over the limestone hills, leads from Jerusalem about six miles southward to Bethlehem. On the way is pointed out one of the numerous trees where Judas is said to have hanged himself; and also the cistern which is the traditional Well of the Magi, where the "three wise men from the East" are said to have seen the reflection of their guiding star, as they stopped to drink. The identity of this "star of Bethlehem" has been the subject of speculation by scientists in all ages. Kepler thought it was a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, which according to astronomical calculation, came about that time. Proctor and others believed it to be a comet, and some describe it as a *nova* or new star, of which several instances are recorded in the period referred to, some being of the first magnitude.

Ascending the hill of the Monastery of St. Elias, about half-way to Bethlehem, that city comes into view, spreading over the plain beyond. Here Elijah, in his flight to Beersheba, after Jezebel had threatened him, became wearied, and lying upon a rock, his body made a depression in it, which is indicated, with fervour, by the monks. Then we come to the Tomb of Rachel, a small oblong structure, surmounted by a dome, and a much revered shrine of the pilgrims of all beliefs. The land hereabouts is well cultivated, so much as the very abundant supply of rocks and stones will allow, the decomposed limestone producing luxuriant growth. Most of the vegetable and fruit supply for Jerusalem is produced in this district, the orchards and gardens covering the slopes, and the women carrying their products along the road to the city, in huge baskets poised on their heads. Some of these products are of the best quality known, particularly the cauliflowers which reach a size and development beyond anything grown in other regions. Hewn out of the rock near Bethlehem is David's Well, and here is a good view of the square yellow stone houses of the little town of the Nativity, covering a sloping hillside, and having the wide-spreading Church of the Nativity as its chief feature. On the plain beyond, we are told that the gentle Ruth gleaned, while on the surrounding hills her great-grandson, the youthful David, pastured his flocks.

* From Joel Cook's forthcoming book, *The Mediterranean and its Borderlands.*

Bethlehem—the Bet Lehem or "place of food"—was the home of the family of David, the scene of Ruth's idyllic life, and the birthplace of Jesus. The town, built on a long and narrow ridge, is shaped much like a horseshoe, with David's Well near the northern end, and the low, flat-roofed houses are huddled closely together, as they were at the time of the Nativity. The chief street has a row of arches on either side, which are the entrances to the shops, their interior being usually without windows. A spacious square, near the Church of the Nativity, is the marketplace, and here is a pastoral air, as the sheep and goats are brought into town for sale, much as they were in the days of the infant Jesus. There are about eight thousand people now in Bethlehem, almost all being Christians, unlike the populations of most other Palestine towns. Jesus was born in a cave, which was the stable of an inn, or *kahn*, as it is called here. Over this cave, and the manger, where the newborn babe was laid, the Emperor Constantine erected a fine church in the Fourth Century, while later, Justinian rebuilt the walls of the town; and the coming of the numerous pilgrims thus attracted made Bethlehem a flourishing place. When the Crusaders arrived, the Arabs burnt the town, but it was afterward rebuilt. There have been frequent quarrels between the Christians and Moslems, and the latter were expelled in 1831, so that few now live here. There are, however, unseemly conflicts between the Christian sects that divide the control over the holy places, so that a Turkish guard is maintained. Pitched battles have taken place within the Church of the Nativity, and actually around the manger, and it is said that one of these disputes, about rights within the church, was the cause of the Crimean War in 1854. A monk was killed in the church, and two others wounded, in 1893. At nearly every Greek Christmas celebration here in recent years there have been fights, and in January, 1907, one of the latest conflicts reported, five monks were badly wounded, the quarrel being about burning candles in the cavern.

The old Church of the Nativity, which covers the cavern, looks more like a prison or fortress than a place of worship, and is a spacious structure of yellowish stone walls, pierced with small windows. The entrance door is low and narrow, having been thus built that it might be the more readily defended. The convents of the Greek, Armenian and Roman churches surround it, and are also fortress buildings. The church is one of the earliest Christian constructions, its interior being very simple and bare of ornamentation. There are a nave, with double aisles on either side, a broad transept, and, at the extremity, an apse.

The floor is paved with large flat stones, and a solid wall separates the nave from the transept. Four rows of reddish limestone columns, about twenty feet high, divide the nave and aisles. Beneath the choir, whence flights of steps descend, is the Chapel of the Nativity, about forty feet long and twelve feet wide, lighted by thirty-two pendant lamps. This was the cavern. It is now paved and walled with marble, and its altar is in a recess on the eastern side. Underneath the altar, also in a recess, is a small semi-circular shrine, about four feet high, having a silver star let into the pavement, which reflects the light of fifteen lamps that hang around it. This is believed to be upon the spot over which halted the Star that guided the three Wise Men, and the Latin inscription records, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Three steps go down from the recess to the Chapel of the Manger, the manger being now of marble and containing a wax doll representing the infant Jesus. The original mangerwas taken away in early times to the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore in Rome. where it is now shown. To this shrine for many centuries the pilgrims have come to kneel and kiss the silver star as they have poured out their supplications and adorations. The great festivals solemnized in the church are at Christmas, the Greeks having theirs in January, according to the old calendar. The culminating ceremony is the solemn procession that conducts the infant Jesus into the church and then into the cavern chapel, where the doll is reverently laid in the manger. In the crypt is also shown the tomb of St. Jerome, the great father of the church in the Fourth Century having dwelt in a cavern here, where he made the Latin translation of the Bible known as the Vulgate.

A little way southward from the church is the Milk Grotto, another small cave which tradition says was once a refuge for the holy family, when some drops of the Virgin's milk fell upon the floor. This, during centuries, was believed to have endowed the grotto with the property of increasing the milk supply of women and also of animals. Beyond the eastern verge of the city is the Field of the Shepherds, where the angels appeared to the shepherds while tending their flocks, announcing to them the birth of Christ at Bethlehem. Here stood a church and monastery for a long period ; and now the Grotto of the Shepherds is in the field, and has been converted into a subterranean chapel. South-east from Bethlehem, its summit being a prominent conical hill, elevated nearly three hundred and fifty feet, and rising about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea, is the Frank Mountain, so called because

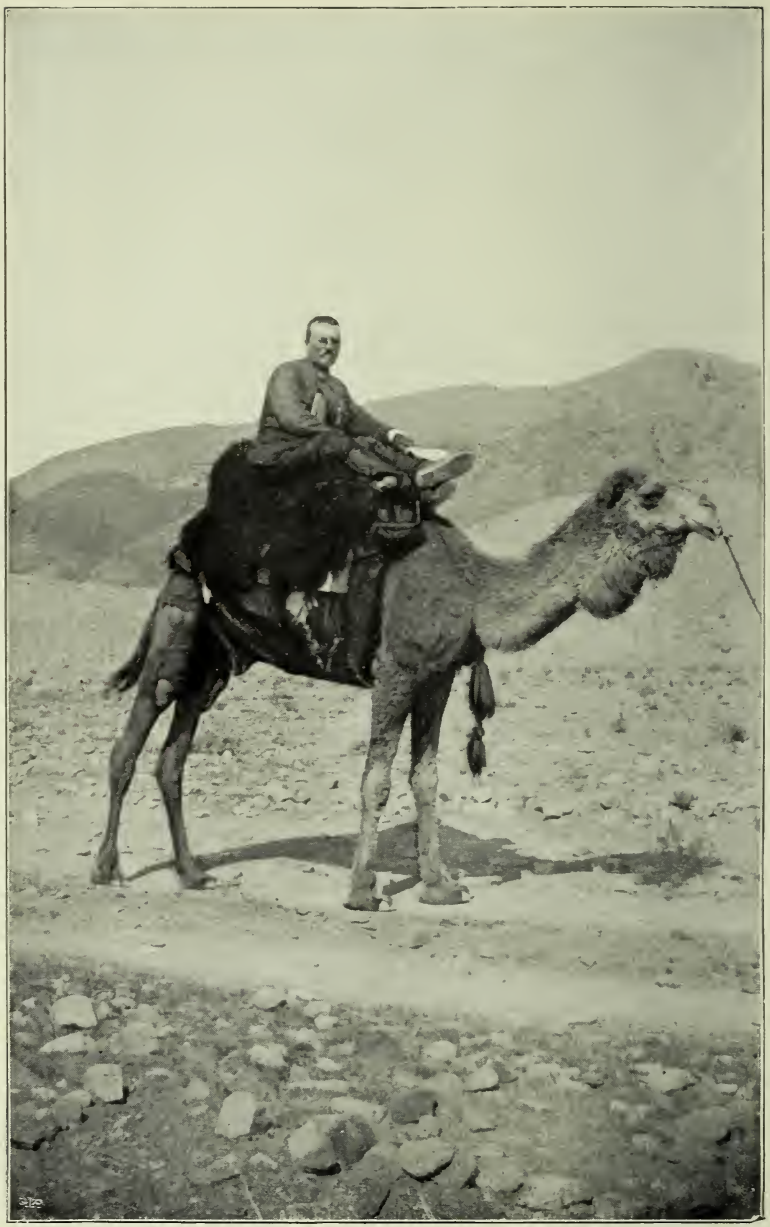
here the Crusaders made their last stand against the Moslems. The top of this hill is an artificial construction, and on it are remains of the enclosing wall and towers of Herod's Castle of Herodium ; the tradition telling that here he was buried. There is a superb view from the summit, extending far over the Dead Sea. To the southwest, in a deep gorge, is the famous Cave of Adullam, where David sought refuge when he feigned madness and gathered around him all the discontented before he began his victorious campaign. It is a labyrinthine grotto in the limestone, stretching nearly a thousand feet into the hillside, expanding into various chambers and having long been used for tombs, and the dwellings of hermits. Not far away is the hilltop of Tekoah, rising two thousand seven hundred and ninety feet, which was the birthplace of the prophet Amos, and was fortified by Rehoboam. To the westward, and on yet higher ground, about eight miles south from Jerusalem, are the Pools of Solomon, three large dams, which supply the aqueduct leading to Jerusalem. They have been made by construction walls, at different levels, across a deep and narrow gorge, and are in good preservation, still supplying water as they did in the Roman era. A very good road is constructed past these pools, from Jerusalem, twenty-three miles southward, through a rather barren country, to Hebron. On the way are passed the grave of Jonah, which has a mosque built over it, the tomb of the prophet Gad, and the spring where St. Philip is said to have baptized the eunuch of Ethopia, as recorded in the Acts.

Hebron is a place of the greatest antiquity, the ancient Kirjeth Arba, the home of Abraham, and according to the Moslem tradition, where Adam died. It is a high elevation, over three thousand feet, though located in a valley, and the immediate surroundings are fertile, abounding in springs. In Genesis we are told that here came Abraham, and pitched his tent under the oaks of Mamre, the Amorite, and that when Sarah died he bought from Ephron the Hittite the double cavern of Machpelah as a burial place, Isaac and Jacob being also buried here. Joshua destroyed Hebron, but it was restored and became David's capital of the kingdom of Judah, for more than seven years. The rebellious Absalom made Hebron his headquarters. The Moslems revere it, as one of the most sacred places of Islam, the Arabian name being El-Kahlil errabman, " the city of Abram, the friend of God." There are now about sixteen thousand people in and around the long narrow valley, and their manners and costumes are said to have changed little since the days of Abraham. These people make glass, and fashion their goathides into waterskins.

Their two great relics are the Oak of Mamre and the Cave of Machpelah. The famous old oak is preserved in the garden of the Russian Hospice, a noble but dying tree, of great age, its trunk having thirty-two feet girth. It has always been looked upon with the greatest reverence.

The Cave of Machpelah is surrounded by the *Haram*, or sacred enclosure, and is the special shrine of the pilgrims, as next to the tomb of Mohammed at Mecca, this burial place of Abraham is the most sacred burial place in Islam. There is great jealousy of Christian intrusion within the enclosure, but usually backsheesh will overcome this for the visitor. The Crusaders built a church over the cave, which has become a mosque, and two openings in the floor lead down into the cave. Six cenotaphs in pairs appear above the ground in the church and court, being placed over the tombs of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, and Jacob and Leah. There are green cloth hangings over the cenotaphs, embroidered in gold and silver, and rich cashmere and camel's hair shawls are also folded across them. Here is an alleged tomb of Joseph, which, however, does not seem to have been known prior to the Fourteenth Century, and a footprint of Mohammed is shown on a stone.

Westward from Hebron, various caravan routes go to the ports on the Mediterranean. On the way is the Moslem village of Beit Jibrin, the House of Gabriel, which exists amid the ruins of what was Rehoboam's stronghold of Moreshah, that became the Roman Baitogabia, and the Crusaders' Gibelon. Besides the old castle, the most interesting relics are the numerous rock caverns that were ancient dwelling places throughout a large part of this end of Palestine, the people thus avoiding the intense heat. Down by the seashore are the remains of Ascalon, one of the chief cities of the Philistines, the birthplace of Herod the Great, and a stronghold of the Crusaders, who surrounded it with ramparts, of which there are still some remains. Not far away is the Philistine city of Esdud, where St. Philip preached the Gospel, and also Yebna, supposed to have been Goth, another important Philistine city before the Herodian period. Down the coast is Gaza, which was the southernmost of the allied Philistine towns, and is now known as Ghezzeh, being less important than in the ancient days, though the present population numbers about forty-eight thousand. It is a port for trade with the Bedouins, who roam over the deserts in the interior, and is built mainly on a hill slope. Its great relic is the tomb of Hashim, the grandfather of Mohammed, now covered by an antique, but recently restored, mosque. On the edge of the modern town is pointed out the place where Samson



39 Photo from "Overland to India."

Sven Hedin on his Camel.

bowed down and overthrew the gateposts of the Philistines, causing his and their destruction. This region was anciently the plan of Peleshet, extending between Mount Carmel and the Egyptian border, where lived the Pelishtim, who became known as the Philistines. Whence they came was unknown, but they entered the plain from the sea, about the Twelfth Century B.C., and introduced the pagan worship of Dagon and Derket, who both appeared in the form of fish. They engaged in almost constant warfare with the Israelites, and overcame them until the time of Saul and David. They seem to have disappeared, as a separate nation, after the Jewish captivity, but Gaza continued to have a lucrative trade, especially with Egypt, in the Roman era, and it was the centre of the pagan worship of Dagon, until Constantine's reign, when the statues and temples of the idols were destroyed. Philemon, to whom the Epistle was addressed, was, according to tradition, the first Bishop of Gaza. The Moslems have always had great regard for the place, because Hashim, who traded with it, happened to die here. The ancient town was a good deal larger than the modern one, and the houses built nowadays are usually built of ancient materials. Now, peeping forth from its beautiful surroundings, it is a picturesque object when seen from afar.

En Route for Trans-Himalaya.

By "ZAKPHO."

Overland to India. By Sven Hedin. In two volumes. 30s. net. Macmillan & Co., Limited, 1910.

He would be a more than usually keen and capable critic who could state with confidence and accuracy wherein lies the charm and, indeed, fascination of this remarkable book. Its power of impressing and pleasing —a power that cannot be denied by the most unsympathetic reader— does not lie in its style, since it is plainly the style of one who thinks in Swedish. The book leaves on the mind the effect of what it perhaps is, a translation. Nor can it be said that, on this occasion, the gifted and intrepid author has thrilling adventures or splendid scenery to describe. Indeed, he modestly admits as much in his preface. "The reader," he says, "who has patience to accompany me will see for weeks and months nothing but yellow, brown or white wastes in all directions. He will see the sun rise up from the distant horizon of the desert, describe an arc through the heavens, and set beyond the wilderness in the west. I can freely forgive him if he grows weary of the perpetual ring of caravan bells, and looks eagerly for an oasis where for a while he may wake from his slumbers. And if he goes with me as far as the Indian frontier he will, perhaps, grumble that, in this age of hurry and excitement, I have written two volumes all about deserts. . . . . Travelling in Persia is as calm and peaceful as on country roads in Sweden, and exciting adventures are exceedingly rare. One day is like another—only a few more miles being traversed over new tracts of desert." The author's excellent and amiable Persian attendants tried to raise a little passing excitement by hinting at the vicinity of robbers. But though he met many travellers armed to the teeth with all manner of weapons, obsolete and modern, he knows his Persia too well and is too old a traveller to believe in the offensive intentions of beings whose armament is ornamental rather than bellicose. One rather thrilling adventure there was, a suddenly conceived and rapidly executed raid across the Great Kevir, or salt desert, in bad weather. The risk here was that, in wet weather, the treacherous surface crust of salt might melt and leave the camels to perish in quagmires and quicksands. But the anxious moments were quickly passed, and the intrepid traveller went to Turut and back without loss of life, limb or property.

At first sight, then, we have a plain and homely account, devoid of all literary pretensions, of a journey which, to all but a born traveller, would have seemed hopelessly dull and dreary. And yet the tale is full of an extraordinary fascination and interest. In the first place, it is Sven Hedin who tells it. He, at least, was not bored, or depressed, or exhausted. The cheery health, the vigorous manhood of the famous traveller shows itself in the simple energy of his descriptions. One does not read Boswell for his style, but for the pleasure he gives us in his company, and that of the great Doctor and his circle. So is it with Sven Hedin. He makes us, by some homely and instinctive art of his own, travel with him, share his tent, his meals, his thoughts. We get to know the companions of his travel and even his faithful camels. Even those who have ridden on camels in Rajputana or elsewhere will feel a fresh comprehension of and interest in the ungainly beasts for whom our author has a contagious liking. He has this advantage over Boswell, that he supplements the snapshots of his camera by admirable sketches from his own skilful pencil. With characteristic modesty he says that "the pencil drawings here reproduced may suffice to give a conception of Persian folk-types—they have no other merit." But what of the portraits, done with loving care, of the author's beloved camels? It is not every man, even among born travellers, who can love and conciliate these wayward and suspicious quadrupeds. Sven Hedin made friends with the beast he rode, and writes of him with real affection—an affection often hinted at rather than expressed in some incidental remark such as: "I listen as usual to the ring of the bell on my faithful and trusty riding camel and calculate that its clapper has struck the metal at least five million times!"

Sven Hedin's personality, then, makes the book interesting, but there is evidently more than that to make his seven hundred pages so memorable and readable. Perhaps he has not been quite just to the land he traversed. It is one of the few tracts on the world's surface which is still strange to the reader of travel books, and to cross it for four or five hours in the author's company does create a new thrill of the explorer's joy. These wide deserts of salt mud, what are they? How came they to be there? And why do these dreary wastes intervene between the rose gardens of Iran and the sunny richness of India? To these and similar speculations the book makes some answer—all the answer that can possibly be made at present. And as we read, a sense grows upon us that Sven Hedin's seemingly artless narrative is not merely imbued with something

of the energy of his temperament, but that our traveller is a real artist, in words as well as with his pencil. We see the vast stretches of the Kevirs, the distant snow-capped mountains, the quivering haze which sometimes turns to mocking mirage. We share his almost boyish pleasure when a welcome oasis with its domes and date palms appears on the horizon. We are made to share in his keen sympathy with his companions, his camels, his dogs. We hardly need the admirable photographs that show us the quaint little village towns with their mud huts and their primitive and homely population, shy and suspicious at first, but yielding, as how many European audiences have yielded, to the charm of the presence, the exuberant vitality, of the great Swede's temperament.

Of his predecessors in Persian travel, our author speaks with a sympathy and appreciation not always found in books of travel. Among these, it is pleasant to find mention of the late Edward Stack's "Six Months in Persia," a book by no means obsolete and not so often read as it should be. Stack was one of the ablest and most amiable members of the Indian Civil Service, an administrator, scholar, linguist and explorer, who died untimely, worn out, it is to be feared, by overwork in too many fields of activity. He would have been pleased to know that his description of a Kevir has been adopted by the great Swede as the best account in words that can be framed. But the book teems with such touches of sympathy and comprehension. It is not every foreigner who understands the Englishman's manner of speech and behaviour, and our author's account of his stay at Nasretabad and Quetta enables one to guess the causes of his popularity among Englishmen abroad.

One little word of passing criticism, which applies to other books of Eastern travel, and we have done. Our author's system of transliterating Persian and Baluch place-names is a little perplexing at times, especially as he does not give us a key to the Persian letters represented by his English characters. Might we not ask travellers in Eastern countries to adopt the simple yet scientific system of transliteration adopted and recommended by the Oriental Congress held at Geneva in 1894 ? Copies are, we believe, procurable from the Royal Asiatic Society. Might not the Royal Geographical Society adopt and print this admirable "Geneva Convention ?" The armchair traveller might then be able to pronounce with some hope of correctness such names (we quote from the book before us) as Farah, Juvain, Nasretabad, Birjand. Our author must know from experience how queer is the Englishman's pronunciation

Photo from "Overland to India."

Studies of Camels.

of Eastern names when his only guide is each author's individual method of transliteration. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the author's somewhat controversial chapter on the route followed by Marco Polo, of which he says, with characteristic sturdiness, "My views . . . may meet with opposition, but I cannot change them." He will certainly be invited to do so by controversialists, who will argue let us hope, with all his own *bonhomie* and good nature.

The book has a practical as well as a literary interest, since the existence of these wild and waterless deserts between Persia and India has a military importance. We have no desire to extend the borders of India to the North-west. But our footsteps are dogged by the old necessity which befalls every civilised government when its neighbours are semi-savage or decadent administrations. In one hundred and fifty years British rule has spread all over the Indian peninsula, not from lust of power or possession, but because a weak or corrupt government on our frontier is a perpetual menace to our own fellow subjects. To Burmah we went, because Burmese misgovernment made it certain that, if we did not take up the task of governing Theebaw's oppressed dominions, the French would relieve us of the work. Sooner or later the question must arise, which European power shall supervise the Government of Persia. What we would prefer is what such zealous friends of Persia as Professor Browne advocates—a strong, free, and independent Persia, capable of keeping order within its own borders, and strong enough to discuss foreign politics on tolerably equal terms with Russia, with Germany, with Great Britain. What we desire, in short, is a strong buffer state. But if the strength be wanting ? It is this possibility of incurable weakness that lends so great an interest to the keen, impartial and good-natured observation of the Swedish explorer. Politics is not his business, and what he tells us of Persian character and Persian administration is by the way. But it is the more valuable on that account. An English or a Russian traveller might find it hard to be impartial. Sven Hedin's impressions are in this, as in all his other books, those of one who puts on record exactly what he sees, without fear or favour. That is why his book, though not addressed primarily to politicians or diplomatists, is one that should be read by all who feel that the Persian problem is one which will require careful yet judiciously strong handling at no very distant date.

A Ready-made Cruise.

By NOEL T. METHLEY.

Times are very bad. We can no longer afford to keep a boat, and the trusty friend who always had a berth at our disposal finds himself unable nowadays to fit out at all. Every year a bit of yachting becomes increasingly hard to compass.

But if the means are not forthcoming, the ways that offer are many and various.

The sailor man of quite simple tastes can get his breath of sea air on the "Husband's Boat" to Margate, or in a sensational shillingsworth from Brighton beach! If he knows the ropes he can go further afield and cadge a passage in a tramp steamer to the Black Sea or to the Baltic. For the more conventional the great steamship lines vie with each other in offering attractive cruises.

Of course, time is an object and, since the average holiday is limited to three weeks, the difficulty of the problem is increased. After wasting my time ashore for two or three seasons I felt this year that I was bound to get to sea again. I set to work, therefore, to find out how it could best be managed. After the due perusal of an endless number of pamphlets and brochures I at last found a cruise which seemed to fulfil all the necessary conditions, and, as it turned out, I chose aright.

Over four thousand miles of sea travel is as much as one can hope to achieve in the short space of three-and-twenty days. A steamer of two thousand eight hundred tons is neither too small to be comfortable nor too large to be looked upon as a yacht; and the very word Morocco spells not only romance, but a genial warmth, which we have long ceased to look for in our benighted country. Why, even the rich red cover of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's handbook seemed to provide a foretaste of the cheerful climate of semi-tropical seas!

These manifold attractions are offered by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company in their cruise to Morocco and the Canaries, and having tried it, I have every reason to be contented with my choice.

The great thing about it that appeals to yachting men is that one can be at sea all the time. One can go ashore just as much or as little as one feels inclined. When in port there is no tying up alongside of a dirty wharf, redolent of coal dust and profanity. At each place of call the ship has to anchor in an open roadstead, so that no one is driven

ashore by the discomforts of a harbour berth. Entertainment, moreover, is provided for those who prefer to stay where they are, for the habits and methods of the Moorish hucksters and lightermen, who come aboard at every port, are an endless source of amusement.

One can embark on the ship in the heart of London, settle down in one's cabin and never worry about anything at all until the cruise is ended. Really the only difficulty of the whole voyage is the initial one of finding one's way to Wapping. Taxi-drivers profess profound ignorance as to the existence of such a locality, and it is well to study a chart beforehand and to undertake the navigation oneself.

Once safely delivered at Morocco Wharf, the whole responsibility of existence is taken from one's shoulders, and the man who knows how to be persistently lazy can go through life for three weeks without a care. His letters will follow him round in a most convenient manner, or can easily be evaded altogether. In fact, the news of the first seven days after departure is all that can possibly catch him up.

Gibraltar is the first port of call according to the published itinerary, but it frequently happens that the first place to be visited is either Rabat or Larache on the Morocco coast. These two towns are only accessible in fine weather, owing to the heavy surf. If, therefore, the conditions of landing happen to be favourable, the opportunity is grasped, and cargo is put ashore at one or other of these places, which would otherwise have to be transhipped to a smaller vessel.

On the occasion of which I am writing we set a course from Cape St. Vincent to Rabat. This town and Sallee (where the pirates came from) are set on opposite sides of a barred river. Cargo, and passengers on occasion, are landed in large lighters, and it is a revelation in watermanship to see how these boats are handled in the tremendous surf. As they come out to the steamer they seem at times to be absolutely upended and, as each huge wave rolls in, they disappear from view to appear again on the following crest.

Seen from the anchorage, the towns of Rabat and Sallee are probably the most inviting on the coast. The blinding whiteness of the walls and houses is set off by rich foliage, and there is an atmosphere of mystery about the so-called "Forbidden City" of Sallee, which adds to its attraction. As a matter of fact, a European can go about in Sallee with perfect safety, so long as his business is known and understood. A few boys may show their disapproval of the Nazarene by futile insults, but otherwise he will be unmolested.

Rabat is spoken of as a delightful place of residence, and the European inhabitants of Casablanca look forward to the dim future when a railway will unite the two places and enable them to live in Rabat and conduct their business in Casablanca.

Our old friend Robinson Crusoe was imprisoned in Sallee, whither he was taken by "Turkish Pirates." Alongside of us was anchored a brigantine of such weird and antiquated appearance that she might have been the identical vessel that effected his capture.

Leaving Rabat in the afternoon, we arrive at Gibraltar at dawn on the following day. The traveller of experience has probably been there before, and, if so, he certainly will not be particularly keen upon landing again. He will be well advised to take the steamer to the Spanish town of Algeçiras, where he can pass a pleasant and profitable day. Algeçiras is a delightful little town—clean, picturesque and typically Spanish—and well repays a visit.

The day following is devoted to the Europeanised port of Tangier. One might be tempted to ignore Tangier in view of the number of more typically Moorish ports to be visited subsequently. Everybody goes there, and one does not expect to find the real thing at all. As a matter of fact, Tangier is so totally different from other Moorish towns that it abounds in interest entirely of its own.

In no other place does one come across so many types—such wild and ferocious-looking tribesmen. It is said to be a resort of evil characters, native and European, and one can well believe it. All entering the city are now deprived of their weapons, and in this way much trouble is avoided.

One cannot help being struck by the swift movement in the streets. It is hardly bustle, but one man follows another like the quickly-moving figures of a cinematograph, each intent on his affairs, and paying scant attention to the Christian intruders.

I do not propose to describe in detail the various sights, the great *souk*, or market, the prison, the Sultan's palace, and all the other places that one *ought* to see. For such descriptions *vide* the shore-going guide-books. We will be content with general impressions, and with such notes as may be of use to the intending traveller.

Although, of course, Tangier under ordinary circumstances is quite safe without a guide, still you will certainly lose yourself if you do not have one, and the guide will see to it that you do not miss anything that you ought to see.

As to donkeys and mules, the only means of artificial locomotion

in these towns, you will please yourself about employing them. Personally I think that the man who would ride on a Moorish pack-saddle for amusement would be tossed by wild bulls for genuine pleasure. No doubt, however, it is a matter of opinion and of practice.

Although Tangier is so thoroughly Europeanised and is looked upon as a city of refuge, not only by the deposed Sultan, but by the riff-raff of the universe, the country round is probably more dangerous than in any part of Morocco. The fierce Anghera tribesmen find that it pays to hold Europeans to ransom, and the Government now repudiates any responsibility for the safety of those who venture among them.

In other parts of Morocco the European travels unmolested so long as he and, above all, his business, are known and understood. Prospecting of any sort, whether for minerals, for plants, or even for humble coleoptera, is highly unpopular, and those who practise it will soon get themselves into trouble.

A resident of many years informs me that he goes about anywhere in the country on business, without arms or armed attendants. He never even carries food, so hospitably is he entertained wherever he goes. Of course, this applies to the reasonable person who respects the wishes and prejudices of a race whose whole outlook on life is entirely different to his own. The man who goes his way regardless of everyone's feelings is not safe anywhere ; at any rate, he ought not to be.

After this little digression we will resume our voyage and proceed to our next port of call, Casablanca.

Since the troubles in 1907 this town is more French than anything else. There is very little that is Moorish about it. In addition to the six thousand odd troops that are still in occupation there is a considerable European colony. There are two social clubs, a polo club and, above all, extensive harbour works.

If you are feeling a bit lazy after a long day at Tangier, you will miss very little by omitting to go ashore. A drive out to the French lines in one of the only two cabs in Morocco is about the only thing that there is to do. It gives one an idea of the surrounding country, which is flat and highly unprepossessing. The interest in the place rests upon its recent history, with which we have nothing to do here.

Of Mazagan the less I say the better. By this I mean nothing detrimental to the place, but simply that, as I did not go ashore, I have nothing to say personally. The governor of this town is a very friendly old gentleman who much appreciates a call from any who are visiting the

town. He will obligingly sit for his photograph to any who are provided with cameras.

As we could not land at Rabat we were provided with our first insight into ordinary Moorish life at Saffi. The approach to the town from the landing is imposing in the extreme. The great cliffs are crowned with fortifications, which present a most forbidding aspect to the intruder—and one cannot help *feeling* an intruder in spite of the attentions which are thrust upon one at every step. As I passed through the gates an extremely ragged specimen of humanity vouchsafed the information that "twenty-nine Christians are in town to-day." He merely expected backsheesh for his cleverness, but none the less I could not help realising the wholesome contempt with which he regarded me, a Nazarene.

After a stroll through the town we are met at the gate by a seething mob of donkeys and donkey boys of all shapes and sizes and colours. With their assistance, or in spite of their assistance, according to the experience of the rider, we visit the Sultan's garden and the so-called Sultan's palace, a huge building of undoubted Portuguese origin.

In the gardens there is one obscure sight which should on no account be missed. Water is drawn from a well by means of the most wonderful piece of primitive machinery that can be imagined. The principle is that of the endless chain of buckets as applied in the modern dredger, but the chief interest lies in the gear by which the horizontal motion of a horse travelling in a circle is transferred to the vertical wheel which carries the buckets or jars. I cannot describe it without the aid of a diagram; sufficient to say that the present day cogged wheels are foreshadowed (not imitated) by contrivances of bamboo alone.

The palace is now used as a barracks by the Franco–Spanish–Moorish police. It is uninteresting, but the visitor is amply repaid for his climb by the picturesque odds and ends and the glimpses of Eastern colouring that he comes upon on his return to the city.

I cannot leave Saffi without mention of the lighters which convey passengers and goods between the shore and the steamer. They are great high-ended boats of some twenty-five feet in length by eight feet beam, decked for a few feet at stem and stern, but otherwise open and unballasted. They are manned by six rowers, two athwart, and steered by an oar, or on occasion by a long narrow rudder. In shape they approximate to our own self-righting lifeboats, and with their high prow and stern they would probably right themselves if capsized. As surf boats they are unrivalled, and the skill with which they are handled is a revelation.

As they take the surf, the steersman stands and intones a rhythmical chant, which is answered by the rowers at each stroke with a sing-song chorus. The crew are a jovial, happy-go-lucky set, wholly unmindful of danger and apparently delighting in the labour of pulling the huge craft under the most adverse circumstances. The costumes of these boatmen are worthy of note. The *djellab* is the only item of clothing that they affect—as one of them blandly remarked to me, "No trousers, no nuffin, for swim." They are men of the world, however, and can obtain aboard ship something superior to ordinary native materials. Gunny bags are very fashionable, and require but little alteration, but the proudest individual I came across was clad in a huge *djellab* made of tarred hatchway tarpaulin. It must have been three feet in diameter, and since it stuck out stiffly all round, it gave the wearer a most imposing appearance.

At Mogador the lighters are similar to those at Saffi, but heavier in construction and lacking the high bow and stern. They are double skinned, and the ends of the closely set frames show between the planking, with no attempt at finish or disguise.

Mogador, the "picture city," is the last Moorish port visited, and perhaps the most interesting. Two days are generally allowed here, and I followed the plan of staying aboard on the first day, when the crowd went ashore, and visiting the town with a very small party on the second. By this means we avoided all the attention which was paid to the larger party, and were able to stroll about the streets and markets, unnoticed and unmolested.

The Moors are an extraordinarily excitable people, and the advent of a large number of tourists, with their attendant swarm of beggars, etc., is too much for their equilibrium. They desert their occupations to shout and gesticulate, and to make things hum generally. Now these are not the ideal conditions under which to see a strange town and a strange people, and my method is undoubtedly to be recommended to those who prefer to take a quiet interest in a quiet way.

The caravans to and from Morocco city are laden and unladen at Mogador, and there is something wonderfully romantic about the long lines of camels and mules setting out on the long journey to the ancient Moorish capital.

In the neighbourhood of this town excellent fishing and shooting can be had. Game abounds, especially partridges, hares and wild boars. I heard the chase of the last-named described as the most dangerous

sport imaginable, as practised, that is, in Morocco. The Moors who provide the sport must, of course, be invited to participate in it. They get tremendously excited, and their shooting, which is wild at the best of times, becomes absolutely reckless. Their fellow sportsmen are more often the recipients of their bullets than the more fortunate quarry. This sort of thing is all very well when it is a question of partridges and lead pellets, but when the weapons are rifled and the huntsmen mounted, it must be distinctly nervous work. The great bustard is by no means rare in this part of Morocco, and it is a bird worth shooting.

We leave Mogador in the afternoon and have a peaceful day at sea before reaching Las Palmas, our first place of call in the Canary Islands. Santa Cruz, the port of Las Palmas, is a dried-up, unattractive looking spot, and the pleasantest way of passing one's time is in a visit to the uplands of Monte, some eight miles from Las Palmas.

For half the distance the scenery is what may be described as "blasted." The volcanic soil produces only the weirdest and most uncompromising plants, prickly pears and a scrub which appears to be entirely destitute of foliage. As one ascends, however, the vegetation becomes luxurious and the views magnificent. It is curious to see our English blackberry entwining a hedge of aloes, and a field of potatoes seems somehow out of place alongside a patch of sugar-cane. Everything on earth seems to grow and to grow luxuriantly.

I extended my excursion and visited the village of Atalaya, where a thousand odd cave dwellers still live in undisturbed possession of a mountain side.

No description of the part of the voyage between Grand Canary and Teneriffe is complete without a rhapsody on "Sunrise on the Peak." Honestly, I am unequal to it. It has been done so often and in such graceful language that I dare not attempt to vie with previous performers, and, as to painting it in homelier talk—well, it can't be done.

I rose unwillingly at 4.30 a.m. fully expecting to be grievously disappointed. One usually is disappointed in these much-advertised efforts of nature, especially when one has to get up in the middle of the night to see them. Instead, I gradually realized that I was witnessing a sight far more beautiful than the most exaggerated language could have led me to expect. You must see it for yourself, and even if you see nothing else during the whole voyage you will have been repaid for undertaking it.

At Santa Cruz, the seaport of Teneriffe, one cannot do better than

ascend to Laguna and so on to Tacaronte. In this way a good idea of the country is obtained. The town itself claims notoriety principally on account of its possession of the flags which it captured from Lord Nelson. These are carefully preserved in a side chapel of the cathedral.

As Teneriffe is visited on a Sunday, one stands a good chance of being able to witness a bull-fight. Those who appreciate that kind of thing are afforded time to gratify their curiosity.

The *bonne bouche* of the cruise is saved up for the end, and we are only given enough time to whet our appetite for more. Make the most of your five hours at Funchal, Madeira, for there are few more delectable spots on the seven seas. There is not only the magnificence of the scenery to enjoy, the wealth of the semi-tropic vegetation, and the colouring of the Oriental architecture, but one could spend any space of time taking note of the picturesque street scenes and the quaint methods of locomotion. The bullock *carros* are most attractive; they are even more fascinating in their way than taxis, and the various forms of sledges and hammocks are distinctly refreshing to eyes accustomed to electric trams and motor buses.

By the way, I said "Oriental architecture" advisedly. It took me some time to discover what it was that reminded me of China, but at last I realized that it was the turned up corners to the eaves of all the buildings.

We sail from Madeira soon after midday and have before us five solid days of uninterrupted yachting. These five days of sea and sea alone just give the finishing touch to a perfect holiday. If we have been over-exerting ourselves in sight-seeing at the various ports, we are now bound to rest, so that we return to work in thorough trim, instead of in the jaded condition brought about by a too strenuous holiday.

In Southern California.

By ARTHUR PAINE.

Of course everybody knows that Southern California is a land of flowers, and that the soil is so fertile that within four or five years a tiny sapling will grow into a good-sized shade tree ; and everybody knows, moreover, that it is a "garden state," and that every prospect pleases—or did, at any rate, in the days of '49—and man is less vile than his Eastern brothers.

No one who has sojourned in this semi tropical region will deny that things do grow there, and grow big—so much so that when the visitor returns to his home he soon loses caste if he persists in telling about what he has seen. But it is distinctly disappointing to the visitor who has pictured Southern California as one uninterrupted flower garden, to reach Redlands, one of its finest and most beautiful towns, to find that green grass is conspicuous by its comparative absence. He has expected and, by anticipation, discounted to some extent, the groves of orange trees, the soaring, stately eucalypti, and the palms and acacias ; but having taken fine lawns and a lush growth of grass in the fields for granted, he feels almost aggrieved. Having a lawn necessitates ceaseless labour in caring for it. Water filters through the spongy soil quickly, and it must be sprinkled with great frequency. A rank and persistent growth of "devil grass" chokes the real grass, and can be removed only by constant and back-breaking labour. It is therefore small wonder that fine lawns are the exception rather than the rule. One loses sight of this shortcoming in the numberless advantages the Californian enjoys ; but the pang of leaving is considerably mitigated as, rolling eastward over the broad Mississippi Valley, he sees again the soft green carpet as well as the draperies.

The best example of the possibilities and natural attributes of Southern California is to be found in Redlands, about seventy miles south-east of Los Angeles. Twenty years ago there was a diminutive settlement of three or four hundred people. In this valley, hedged round by snow-capped mountains, had been found a deep layer of rich red soil. Thus Redlands got its name. It was drained by the Santa Ana River—drained dry, in fact, for except after the heavy winter rainfalls, when it became a swirling torrent hundreds of feet wide, it was scarcely more than a brook in size. Artesian wells were bored, and supplied the settlers'

needs for a time, but as the hamlet became a village and the village became a town, the people began to realize the necessity of a greater water supply. "I will look unto the hills," sang the psalmist; and that is what these people did. They brought water from a mountain lake a dozen miles away, and a mile above sea-level. As a result, Redlands is now able to produce one-sixth of all the oranges grown in California. Her population exceeds ten thousand. Twenty years ago this valley was a desert! Coyotes barked and howled among the sagebrush, and mountain lions skulked along the lonely trails. There were scarcely any trees to be seen other than the stunted mesquite and, where there was water, a few fan palms or eucalypti. To-day Redlands has acre upon acre of orange trees, parks luxuriant in arboreal and floral growth, and homes whose like may not be found anywhere else outside the imagination. On the crest of Smiley Heights, twenty years ago a dry waste on which the manzanita bush, sagebrush and other scrubby chaparral was the only growth, eucalyptus trees from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five feet high now stand as graceful, but none the less striking, reminders of the value and necessity of water.

In Southern California the farmer irrigates his wheat, his alfalfa, and anything else he may wish to raise. The ranchman irrigates his orange orchards, and the gardener even irrigates his bed of violets or iris. Water plus energy—but mostly water—has made the desert to bloom. In the winter there is rain, and although the residents, whose revenue depends in a great measure on what the soil yields, exult in every drop that falls, they tell house-bound tourists that such a continuous rainfall is "most extraordinary." The sun, however, shines for a part of nearly every day in the year, and it is so dependable a feature of the country that the "solar heater," an apparatus which utilizes the heat of the sun's rays for furnishing hot water, is an appliance used by a very considerable number of householders.

One plans to take summer clothing on a winter trip to California. The first thing to take is advice from someone who is in the know. In January it is pleasant to sit, lightly clad, in the shade of a date palm and watch the ice-capped peaks of mountains that seem but a stone's throw distant. Humming birds dart in and out among the flowers near by, and perhaps a lizard or a horned toad basks in the bright sunlight. As the sun begins to go down and the white mountains glow with iridescent tints, you wonder if anyone, particularly yourself, has ever been dissatisfied with anything. Suddenly the mountains are grey. There are no more

shadows, and the voices of a thousand birds are hushed. And you awake to the fact that you are near freezing with a chill that has no like for its insidious penetration. During the daytime in the winter, it may be uncomfortably warm in the sun, but at twilight there comes a sudden change in temperature that makes an overcoat a necessity. There are days, too, when the rain pelts down for hours at a time with tropical fury, and the great palm fronds are lashed into tatters by the wind. Then one hugs the fireplace, and looks forward to more of the sunshine and warmth, an hour of which is compensation for days of rain.

It is the ultimate object of a number of people I know to eat oranges that they have themselves picked from the tree. Wise tourists have told them that "it is like eating a different fruit." Well, it is in some cases, for very many of the oranges that are picked for the market are not fully ripe when taken from the tree, so that there is a much smaller percentage of natural sugar in them. The difference, however, is largely psychological, and although eating oranges from the tree is by no means a soulless joy, it is a small detail in the charms of Southern California.

To the sentimentally inclined this region holds great and glorious possibilities. During the spring when the orange blossoms make every breath a long, lingering delight, an evening stroll beneath the feathery pepper trees is like a chapter out of a story book.

There is a noble exaggeration in nearly everything Western. Distances between cities are longer, States are larger; San Bernardino County, Cal., is about as large as all the New England States combined. This kind of exaggeration is, of course, due to the comparative youth of the country. But the tendency in Nature is there, too. Trees soar up to hundreds of feet, fruits and vegetables attain extraordinary sizes, and even the fishes in the ocean weigh up into the half-tons.

The homes are the crowning glory of the country. Many houses are built along Mission lines, with sloping tiled roofs and buff stucco walls. Some have Italian gardens, with gaunt cypress trees and clipped hedges, and others have California gardens, which means that flowers and trees have been set where they look best and not according to a formal plan. But they all have some sort of a garden. Where flowers grow so easily there is no excuse for not having them. Rose bushes clamber over the third storeys of houses, they cover stone walls for hundreds of feet, and they bloom gloriously at least twice every year.

Do the people who live here appreciate the flowers? I think they do, generally. An amusing incident occurred during my stay in Redlands

that showed an exceptional case—or perhaps it was a case of "boot-licking." In a newspaper account of a large and expensive dancing-party, mention was made of "a striking and commendable absence of flowers among the tasteful decorations!" The misguided social reporter evidently took it for granted that flowers were tabooed because they were not costly. In justice to the hostess, I am constrained to admit that I was there, and while there was not an excessive display, there were several large vases of magnificent rose blossoms.

Home life in California is just as typical of the United States as home life in New Jersey, but there are problems and advantages that make it seem at first as though the difference was wide. On this side of the continent a Chinese domestic is a rarity, but in the Golden State, John Chinaman in the kitchen calls for no especial comment. The Japanese man-servant also is more commonly seen "below stairs" than here, and occasionally, when the servant problem has reached an acute stage, an Indian maid—who rejoices in some such name as Juanita or Ramona, and whose personal appearance shatters all your fond illusions about "the noble red man"—graces the scullery.

If you have afternoon callers and ring for tea, Juanita reaches out the back door and picks a lemon from the tree hard by, and slices if for those who take "theirs" *à la Russe.* That is one of the advantages. A lemon-tree, by the way, has a good many interesting points, chief among which are the long, sharp thorns which are inconspicuous and dangerous to the "tenderfoot"—polite Californian slang for the uninitiated—who doesn't know they are there. Lemon-trees, too, may be seen bearing blossoms as well as fruit in all stages from youth to maturity. One day, just for the novelty of the experience, I plucked a blossom, which I put in my buttonhole and from the same tree a lemon, which I made into lemonade.

Remains of Mexican days are to be seen everywhere in the old missions, the Spanish names, and the styles of architecture. A ditch or gully is an "arroyo," and an animal enclosure, be it nothing more pretentious than a hen-yard, is a "corral." And the most insignificant valley is a cañon.

A short distance north-west of Los Angeles is the coast town of Santa Barbara. I hope that I may go to a place as beautiful when I die. Santa Barbara is more than physically perfect—its charms do not consist merely of fine hotels, good roads, and graceful hills skirting the rim of the blue Pacific. The restful quietude, the blue Italian sky and the bluer ocean, the atmosphere of repose—all these

and a number of subtler elements go toward giving the place a soul. The famous mission, probably the best known, and certainly the best preserved of all the Western missions, is a pleasant feature of the town, especially when it is not besieged by tourists. A monk in a coarse and heavy brown cowl, with only sandals on his bare feet will show visitors the interior of the church and a glimpse of the gardens into which they may not go. A few relics of Mexican days are displayed, and then one is asked to buy a rosary, made by the monks, of " Job's Tears " and an aluminium crucifix. The mission is far more interesting as a part of the landscape and for what it represents historically than as a building to be gone over in detail.

There are a number of " stunts " that an Easterner must do before he has officially passed out of the tenderfoot stage, but the " third degree " in the process of acclimatization is the " olive test." The young lady of the East who "adores olives" and "thinks nothing of eating a whole big bottle at one sitting " generally has a strong desire to try a ripe olive from the tree. Anyone who owns an olive tree will be only too glad to let her gratify this natural desire. Doubtless the eager young lady will not notice a smile lurking in the corners of the owner's mouth when he extends the privilege, but if she tries the olive she will wonder afterward—some time after—how the man could keep his face even moderately straight. A ripe olive, before it is pickled, is a dark purple colour. It is as bitter as quinine and as puckery as alum. As an " acquired taste " the bottled green ones that are most frequently seen in the East are a long way behind. Comparatively few green olives are eaten on the Pacific Coast, and when one becomes accustomed to the rich, oily flavour of those pickled when ripe, he is generally a convert for life.

Earthquakes are not so frequent in Southern California as to be commonplace, but they happen often enough to cause no especial alarm. I had devoutly hoped that, during my stay there, I would experience an earthquake—not a terrible shock, such as laid San Francisco in burning ruins, but a real little children's-size tremor that I could tell my friends back home about. One morning in January I awoke, and, putting on my ranch clothes, went down to breakfast. To make a good story, I should say that I was greeted by a crash of crockery, and a dining-room table soaring through the window. There was nothing of the kind. I was calmly informed that there had been a slight earthquake—almost imperceptible—during the night. Although I had been asleep at the time, I think that I felt the shock more keenly than anyone else !

ARMCHAIR TRAVEL

"The Japs at Home."

Highways and Homes of Japan. By Lady Lawson. 12s. 6d. net. Fisher Unwin. 1910.

Books on Japan and China are numerous at the present day, but each has its own individuality, and as no two people see things exactly alike, so no two writers give exactly the same point of view. Lady Lawson went to Japan armed with numerous introductions, which brought her a corresponding number of invitations to private homes and to public festivals and functions; while a stay of several weeks in a native inn afforded scope for the study of yet another phase of life. In every possible way she sought to share the every-day life of her Japanese friends, even submitting to be "kneaded" daily by a blind masseuse—whose touch was evidently very different from that which we associate with her English confrères—"for," she says, "it being an institution of the country I felt bound to make myself personally acquainted with it."

In simple, homely language Lady Lawson gives us the result of her observations in well-arranged sequence, from the "First Impressions" to the final chapter on the "Future of Japan," which is fraught with so much interest to Britain, and, indeed, to all the world. Outsiders marvel at the sturdy, quiet-going Japanese stirred to such deeds of heroism and self-extinction by their patriotism, and their sense of responsibility in upholding the honour not only of their contemporaries but also of their ancestors. Their dead are alive to them, and they enter with real sympathy into the yearly "Festival of the Dead," when all departed spirits return for three days to visit their former homes, and no pains are spared by the living to make the visit a thoroughly happy one.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on earthquakes, which are of such frequent occurrence in Japan. Lady Lawson had many interviews with Dr. Omori, Professor of Seismology at the Imperial University, Tokyo. He is especially interested in the structure of earthquake-proof buildings, a matter which it would seem had gained consideration in Japan many centuries ago, judging by the ancient castle walls which "have forms approximately equal to the curve theoretically giving the greatest stability against earthquake." Their existence to-day is in striking contrast to many ruins in their vicinity. "Pagodas built hundreds of years ago embody the principle of the modern seismograph, which is to minimise the effect of earthquake motion by the combination of an inverted pendulum with an ordinary pendulum . . . by the union of a stable and an unstable structure to produce a neutral stability. . . . In the

hollow well of every five-storeyed pagoda a heavy mass of timber is suspended freely like an exaggerated tongue from the top right to the ground, but not in contact with it, and at the shock of an earthquake this large pendulum slowly swings, the structure sways, and then settles safely back to its base. . . . it may be rotated and displaced, but it cannot be overturned as a whole."

As an instance of what she calls the topsy-turvydom of Japan—from the British point of view—Lady Lawson relates how one day the fact that she sat painting in the verandah of her hotel attracted a large crowd of onlookers. Traffic becoming inconvenienced a policeman appeared and requested *her* to move, as *she* was blocking the traffic.

There are numerous well-chosen illustrations in the volume, which is greatly enriched thereby.

The Red Gods' Call.

Canoeing and Camping Adventures. By R. C. Anderson. 3s. 6d. net. C. Gilbert-Wood. 1910.

Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds, nay, thousands of men in this country indulge in sailing for the mere sake of being afloat—putting off during week-ends to sail, if only for a few hours—it is certain that the true charm of sailing lies in cruising strange waters, and in cruising with some objective ; to make a passage from here to there,and accomplish it somehow or anyhow. The smaller the boat the greater the fun per square foot of sail area—any sailing man will admit that. For these reasons the volume of *Camping and Canoeing Adventures* by R. C. Anderson has a peculiar appeal to every small boat sailor and to the small boat cruiser in particular. Apart from this technical appeal the book is an eminently readable one, as the ground covered in the cruises lies far enough removed from the tourist track, and the method of covering the ground is sufficiently little known to lend the book the merit of novelty from the ordinary reader's point of view.

The " adventures " are in reality the logs of three cruises in Northern waters, made in vessels of the smallest size, pretty near akin to the canoe in which " Rob Roy " MacGregor made the trips which have never yet been equalled. Even in inland waters a slim sailing canoe needs considerable skill in the handling, and for this reason the somewhat matter-of-fact style adopted by the author is all the more convincing. The first trip was made in 1907 when the author with a friend (referred to as "Bill") sailed round the coast of Lake Wener, one of the largest pieces of inland water which Sweden can boast of. Wisely enough they each had their own vessel ; one a ten-foot sailing dinghy (" Bee "), the other a yawl-rigged canoe (" Earwig "). The trip was not without small adventure of the kind to which small boat men are accustomed. The pair sailed

their boats themselves, fended for themselves as best they could, and with their own tent were independent of the world save for such material things as food and letters.

In the following year the author with another friend (named, for technical reasons, "Bow") ventured from Christiania to Stockholm. One boat sufficed for this trip, another yawl-rigged canoe, eighteen feet long by two feet ten inches beam. To a very large extent this voyage was an inland trip, though there were some portions when the couple got a very wholesome "dusting" in the open sea.

The third trip recorded was a still more ambitious one—from Stockholm to St. Petersburg. The method of cruising in company in two separate craft was again adopted, as in the first trip, the companion this time being a Swedish youngster rejoicing in the euphonious nickname of "Pligg." He built his own boat, too, did Pligg; a canvas-covered boat, christened "Butterfly." The author's canoe was a somewhat more serious affair, a clinker-built boat sixteen feet three inches by three feet one inch beam, called "Grasshopper." There was a fair amount of real open-water sailing in the passage, and taken altogether it was a memorable trip.

There is no sport on earth calculated to develop resourcefulness so much as small boat cruising *in partibus* and, perhaps, canoe cruising in particular; not merely in getting the best out of a boat, or out of whatever weather conditions one may happen to meet, but in almost every other direction as well. Who but a small boat sailor when at a loss for the Swedish word for honey would obtain his heart's desire by using the periphrase "bee-jam," as did the author?

Mr. Anderson's log is a valuable contribution to the literature of sailing. As a recital of cruising experiences it is interesting, and is at the same time an instructive guide to small boat cruising in Northern waters. Many men here at home would like to cruise in Scandinavia—there is not a better cruising ground the whole world over—but are deterred either on account of a mistaken idea of the expense involved, or because they can only speak their own language. The latter is the smaller difficulty; seamen have a *bat* of their own in every language, and there is little difference between sailing terms in English and in Scandinavian once one gets the hang of them; the question of expense is another matter. The author states that the trip in 1908 from Christiania to Stockholm, which lasted four weeks, cost the pair of them £4 each, including everything, and that the longer trip the following year worked out even cheaper in proportion. It is true their ideas on *cuisine* would not appeal to every one (Brillat-Savarin would die suddenly could he but read the portions of the volume relating to the commissariat); they appeared to live on eggs and marmalade. However, even making allowance for more generous

feeding, the cost of such a cruise is low enough for anyone who can spare the time.

The Baltic waters are quite different to our own. There is no tide worth speaking of and deep water everywhere, with "nice round rocks" and no shallows. There are islands and islets innumerable on which to camp, the necessaries of life are not too expensive, and the Swedes would seem to be simple, kindly souls, with very wide ideas of hospitality.

The volume would gain considerably in interest if the sketch maps were either clearer or on a somewhat larger scale. This small defect may, however, be remedied in one of the future editions to which one hopes the book will run.

The Carolines from Within.

The Island of Stone Money: Uap of the Carolines. By W. H. Furness, M.D., F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 15s. net. J. B. Lippincott. 1910.

This curiously named monograph of the Caroline Islands is certainly handicapped in some measure by an inadequate title. The choice of such a title is, however, insufficiently obvious, for a unique feature of the Carolines is their stone coinage. It has the merit, at all events, of security. There would certainly be difficulties in the way of burgling the house of a Caroline resident, considering that the money which might be found there resembles in shape and size mill-stones or grind-stones. This book, however, is a good deal more than a monograph of the peculiar currency of the island. It deals thoroughly and systematically with the native life, the customs, institutions, religious ceremonies, and, in short, native life in all its aspects.

To recall very briefly the general history of this little-known group of islands. They have been known to the civilised world since 1527, when they were discovered by the Portuguese; a hundred and fifty years later they were annexed by Spain, and named in honour of Carolus II. At the close of the Spanish-American War the whole group was purchased from Spain by Germany for the sum of three million three hundred thousand dollars, and since then, under judicious and enlightened government, has steadily improved in productiveness.

Mr. Furness gives a very interesting description of the peculiar coinage of the island. *Fei*, it appears, is the name of this quaint medium of exchange. It consists of large, solid, thick stone wheels, ranging in diameter from a foot to twelve feet, having in the centre a hole varying in size with the diameter of the stone, wherein a pole may be inserted sufficiently large and strong to bear the weight and facilitate transportation.

"These stone coins, if I may so call them, are not made on the island of Uap, but were originally quarried and shaped in Babelthuap, one of

the Pelao Islands, four hundred miles to the southward, and brought to Uap by some venturesome native navigators, in canoes and on rafts, over the ocean by no means as pacific as its name implies ; and, with the stones safely landed, these navigators turned speculators and, with arguments as persuasive as those of the most glib book agent, induced their countrymen to believe that these ' novelties ' were the most desirable things to have about the house. Of course, the larger the stone the greater its worth, but it is not size alone that is prized ; the limestone, of which the *fei* is composed, to be of the highest value, must be fine and white, and of close grain."

There is a very curious system of barter in these islands, and the author's description is worth quoting :—

" Between traders and natives the medium of exchange is the ripe cocoanut, from which copra is made ; they have in general agreed upon a rough standard of values for the articles most commonly in demand ; for instance, the price of a large pilot biscuit is three cocoanuts ; a stick ' of nigger head ' tobacco together with a box of Japanese safety matches, is worth six cocoanuts. The most extravagant deal I heard of was negotiated by that same royal old Roboboi who paid twenty thousand cocoanuts for a cooking stove, ' made in Germany,' of thin sheet iron. He was absolutely shut up in measureless content with his bargain, and vowed he was going to make bread in it ; doubtless the kind of bread he will bake in it will, if possible, augment his content, but he will be forced either to begin or end with a new set of teeth and a rejuvenated digestion."

London.

London. By A. R. Hope Moncrieff. With 32 full-page illustrations in colour. 7s. 6d. net. A. and C. Black. 1910.

Of all Messrs. Black's well-known series of colour books, which is assuming such formidable proportions, none is so satisfactory, at all events as regards the letterpress, as Mr. Hope Moncrieff's monograph on London. Mr. Moncrieff has dealt with his vast subject with an excellent sense of proportion and sound judgment. In his cursory survey of the innumerable aspects of the metropolis and the many phases of its social life he has really succeeded, and this is no slight achievement, in helping the ordinary Londoner to realise in some measure what London is. Another feature which should render this volume popular to the general reader as well as valuable to the student of sociology is its readableness. The introductory chapter, " What London Is," could not be better done.

It is a book which lends itself to quotation, which makes it the more regrettable that we cannot find room for more than a few extracts.

Mr. Moncrieff writes on the physiognomy of the London suburbs with a sure touch :—

"Beginning life as a shapeless mass of social protoplasm, a mere gathering of cells, it soon provides itself with nutritive apparatus—a mouth, stomach, alimentary canals—and may grow to be a highly organized segment of the general body with which it is sooner or later integrated. Its first baker's, butcher's, and grocer's shops prove fissiparous ; its one pillar letter-box makes the germ of a complete nervous system ; its early tentacles become limbs ; it may even evolve special functions, and an independent heart. Any Brixton or Bayswater needs only time to develop its local Regent Streets, Park Lanes, and Seven Dials ; and where ground rents are cheap, factories and workshops may overshadow villas."

The social side of suburban life is not neglected by the versatile author, and the well-known exclusiveness of the superior suburb is amusingly, if caustically, depicted :—

"Where the social air grows thinner, neighbours are more ready to keep their mouths shut till the ice be broken through a formal call. In genteeler suburbs one cultivates indifference to the family next door, whose very name is unknown. Such a name was for the first time brought to my notice lately by a newspaper revelation that its owner had ceased to be a street-mate of mine, being removed for a considerable term to airier quarters at Dartmoor or Portland ! "

Mr. Moncrieff indulges in an illumining speculation on the future of great London, and we cannot resist quoting this brilliant passage *in extenso* :—

"If London goes on growing at its present rate another generation should see it transformed into a pile of tall barracks and workhouses, aerated by parks, squares, and ex-churchyards opening out in long lines of populous road, into roomy suburbs, whose spread will be checked only by the white cliffs of Albion, perhaps not even there, when air-ships and tunnels have supplied rapid transit between the valleys of the Seine and of the Thames. Or is it London's destiny to suffer that fate which Macaulay foresaw, through the eyes of a New Zealander, as before him Horace Walpole imagined a citizen of Lima wandering over the ruins of St. Paul's ? Our rival political factions proclaim us to be at present making a choice of Hercules, on which will depend Britain's future, and with that the greatness of her capital. Are there children now alive whose bleared eyes may see London shrunk to its old bounds, perhaps huddled on some choice site like the heights of Highgate and Hampstead —which according to Mother Shipton's prophecy should become its centre—when for leagues, as about the walls of Delhi or Pekin, the open country will be dotted with ruined temples and towers, round the broken

dome on Ludgate Hill, standing up in solitary state like the Kutub Minar ? Can it ever come to lie squalidly deserted for a new city, rebuilt by some Conqueror, as at Bokhara and Samarcand ? Are there generations yet unborn to whom this capital will be a show, like "hundred-gated Thebes"—a quarry of antiquities like Nineveh, or Knossos, a mystery like the Cambodian Angkor, or the Bolivian Tiahuanaco, an overgrown wilderness like the buried ruins of Yucatan ? Is it possible that some distant age will know of London nothing but its name, when as yet undreamt-of structures have overlaid every fragment of the achievements, on which we boast against the past, unconscious how our pride may point a moral, or a mockery for the future ?

> "Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
> Stock of stone
> Where a Multitude of men breathed joy and woe,
> Long ago :
> Love of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
> Struck them tame ;
> And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
> Bought and sold."

The Real Congo.

A Voice from the Congo. By Herbert Ward. Illustrated. 10s. net. Heinemann. 1910.

There have been many volumes written on this part of "Darkest Africa," but hardly one can compare with this for vivid interest, and, perhaps, none are so imbued with such profound sympathy for, and understanding of, the tribes of the Congo. Mr. Herbert Ward's book does not offer the reader the casual, superficial and ill-digested observations of the globe-trotter or the travel-writer on the quest for sensational matter. It embodies the results of five years' experience of native life on the Congo. Then another quality which should add to its popularity is its readableness. It is full of delightful stories and sketches, interspersed with quaint fragments of folklore and striking information on native life and customs.

An amusing practical joke, played by a District Commissioner, is worth re-telling. "One day there arrived at headquarters a special message from our friend the Commissioner asking for immediate aid. He stated that he was in imminent risk of being attacked by the natives. Forthwith an expedition was despatched to his assistance. Naturally, coming from headquarters, the expedition was well equipped with provisions,and under the leadership of three white men. Upon arrival they were met by X at the gate of the entrance to the fortified station. He informed them that an attack might be expected at any moment, and as an indication of

the unsettled condition of the country he called their attention to the distant booming of drums. Meanwhile the expedition took up their quarters, posted sentinels, and awaited developments. Several days passed without incident, save the intermittent booming of drums during the day and the occasional beacon fires which flared from the surrounding hill tops by night. Between times X certainly enjoyed to the full the relative gaiety afforded by the advent of the relief expedition and the fresh stock of provisions which they brought ! "

The following extracts give a good idea of life in this inhospitable region :—

" There is a prevalent belief among many of the riverside tribes of Upper Congo that the flavour of human flesh is improved by submerging the prospective victim up to the neck in the water for two or three days previous to sacrifice. In 1886, when proceeding to take command of the station of Bangala, I travelled up the Upper Congo on board the stern-wheel steamer, ' Le Stanley.' My companions consisted of Captain Deane and Dr. Oscar Lentz, the well-known German savant. Bottles of vinegar and cognac used to be hermetically sealed in tins. Tea, sugar and other perishable articles were frequently sent in paper bags ! Later on provisions were sent out to us by the firm of Crosse & Blackwell, and one sometimes heard them alluded to by the Belgians as the stores of ' Black and Cross Very Well !' Marching up country, a party of five or six Swedish officers, who had but recently arrived in Africa, were all suddenly taken ill. It appeared at first as though they were suffering from ptomaine poisoning ; but the tin containing the suspicious matter (which they had consumed in the form of soup) still retained its legibly printed label, ' Finest English Lard ! ' "

But, good as the book is, an author more skilled in literary craftsmanship would have made it still better. Indeed, in some cases Mr. Ward has not made the most of excellent materials ; and though his volume is undeniably readable, it would have been of more value to scholars and anthropologists if more care had been taken to present the innumerable facts accumulated in a less detached and haphazard form. Indeed, in some respects the book suggests an incomplete sketch rather than a finished study. Then, the author does not seem to have acquired the art of literary selection, and does not know what to leave out.

In short, this is a fascinating book to *dip into*, but hardly to read steadily, as the arrangement is fragmentary and disjointed and the contents rather inconsecutive. Indeed, it almost seems as if Mr. Ward's idea of book-making was to tumble out all his notebooks and diaries accumulated during his life in the Congo, and to extract striking tit-bits from them without any attempt at consecutive narrative !

Unknown Labrador.

Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness. By Hesketh Prichard. 15s. net. W. Heinemann. 1910.

Mr. Hesketh Prichard, a big-game sportsman of some note, an explorer who has won his spurs in the untrodden mountains and valleys of Patagonia, and a naturalist of keen observation, is well equipped for the task of writing his shooting and exploring expeditions in different parts of the world. In " Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness " we are taken at first to well-worn tracks of the big-game hunter in Canada and Norway. But perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which describes the author's adventures in Labrador, Patagonia, and the Cordilleras of the Andes, where the interest is concerned almost as much with exploration as with sport. His journeys in Labrador may be regarded, perhaps, as a preliminary canter to his more serious exploration in unknown Labrador, which is referred to in another part of this magazine. Hitherto, indeed, it might be said that the only real exploration ever undertaken in Labrador has been by the Moravian missionaries. Mr. Prichard's book is not all sport, however, and interspersed are many graphic descriptions of scenery and interesting notes on the fauna and flora. The illustrations are attractive and the subjects well chosen. We are glad to see, from Mr. Selous' introduction, that Mr. Hesketh Prichard is one of the increasing number of sportsmen naturalists who never kill wild animals simply for the sake of killing.

Casual Impressions of the States.

Farthest West: Life and Travel in the United States. By C. Reginald Enock. Thirty-twoill ustrations and map. 15s. net. John Long. 1910.

A survey of the present conditions of life in the United States from the traveller's point of view is generally more or less interesting and instructive, though it would seem difficult to find anything fresh to say. It is only fair, however, to remind the reader that Mr. Enock's impressions are not hasty generalisations derived from a hurried scamper from one show city to another, but are the result of some years' travel and residence in the country. The democratic problems which are being worked out by America are tackled with courage and with considerable shrewdness by the author. Some of the chapters are too slight, it is true, to be of much value, especially those dealing with the chief topographical features of the various States, but the chapters describing the social and economical features of American life are well handled.

" Farthest West " is not a book which lends itself particularly well to quotation, but Mr. Enock's summary of the more striking features of American steamer and railway travel shows much observation and sound sense.

How, When and Where to Travel.

Grieber's Guide to the Riviera. 3s. net. Williams & Norgate. 1910.

Yet another guide-book to the much over-written Riviera, this time a fresh example of the insidious German invasion, as is evident by the English thereof, which bears unmistakable marks of the translator. When to these are added the manifold misprints, it makes one feel that we British have no need to go to the Fatherland for information about this region.

We fail to find the map outlining routes to the Riviera (as indexed), but a diminutive strip shows the path of the Hamburg-America steamer from Nice to Genoa !

Teutonic readers are given a note on beer early in the book. The reader is constantly annoyed by the word " accommodations " (*sic*), Ameri*cain* Consul, while the spelling in the index is especially careless. We searched the map in vain for the " Ligwian Alps, Isles d'Hyères, Juans-les-Pins, Porgio or Verezzi !" The censorship of hotels introduced at the end seems to us likely to militate against the success of any guide-book.

The arrangement of the book is a little curious. We are taken from Marseilles as far as Trayas, then whisked through the St. Gothard down to Milan, whence we start back again to Cannes. Under the plea of excursions some extra-Riviera towns are introduced, such as Pisa, etc. However, Genoa and the larger towns are very fully described, and there is a vast deal of information crowded into one hundred and fifty pages for " visitors at (*sic*) the Riviera."

The book is certainly not overweighted with advertisements, there being only two, one of which affects the Swiss-Italian Lakes. Mentone is recommended for consumption in all stages ; what will the *hoteliers* say ?

The Health Resorts of Europe. By Thomas Linn, M.D. Edited by A. C. Grylls, M.A. 18th edition. 2s. 6d. net. Reynolds-Ball's Guides. 1910.

This is the eighteenth edition of this capital handbook, and in a small compass it fulfils the claim set forth in its title-page to be " A medical and popular guide to the mineral springs, climatic, mountain and seaside health resorts, hydropathics and sanatoria of Europe." The first thirty-two pages are occupied with useful hints as to the choice of time and place for a " cure," suitable routes and luggage, also descriptions of various kinds of cures, and an excellent therapeutical index and dictionary. The remainder of the book is taken up with descriptions of health resorts in most of the countries of Europe, together with suggestions as to hotels, boarding-houses, amusements, and, in many cases, medical practitioners. With so many details some might be tempted to select a " cure " without

Pickering Church.

seeking medical advice. Against such a course the author gives sound caution on the necessity of most careful diagnosis before commencing stringent treatment. Not even every member of the medical faculty is a specialist in diagnosis, how much less the patient himself in these days when so much suffering is due to nerves, which are capable of convincing a man that, like one of the "Three Men in a Boat," he has symptoms of every ailment under the sun except housemaid's knee, whilst the woman might include even that in her supposed category.

L'Asia Centrale. By Nosci Tocugiro. 10 lire. Unione Tipografico. Turin. 1911.

This elaborate monograph on the political aspect of what some may consider will in the dim and distant future be the world's cockpit, by a critical and keenly observant Italian traveller, is worthy of serious attention by politicians and indeed all those who take an intelligent interest in the future of India. Signor Tocugiro devotes a great deal of space to the tangled frontier problems of Russia, Afghanistan and India, and the intricate diplomatic relations between these countries are set out lucidly and intelligently. While avoiding any active partisanship, it is pretty evident that the author's sympathies are not altogether on our side.

The general reader will probably find the earlier chapters the most attractive, as they deal mainly with the manners and customs of the inhabitants and the physical features of these borderlands, but it must be admitted that the book is not one to skip, but demands a certain amount of concentration on the part of the reader, if he is to derive much benefit from it.

Geography in the 1191 Annuals

Whitaker's Almanack. 2s. 6d. Whitaker and Co.

It is difficult, of course, to say anything fresh about a work which has attained the rare distinction of becoming a household word. "Whitaker" is now synonymous with almanack, just as Bradshaw denotes a railway time-table, Kodak a hand camera, or a Burberry a waterproof. But although *Whitaker* has earned this unique position among books of reference, yet, like Homer, it sometimes nods. Indeed, even *Whitaker* must be considered to exceed its powers and privileges when it arrogates to itself the functions of a King-maker, or rather Empire-maker! We notice with mingled regret and amazement that *Whitaker* still perpetrates that extraordinary geographical "howler" about Tetuan in Morocco. This town is, of course, an integral portion of His Sheriffian Majesty's dominions, yet for some reason the editor of *Whitaker* has handed it over to the King of Spain. Indeed, as *Whitaker* is a semi-

official publication, this might almost be interpreted as an " unfriendly act " to a friendly Power !

Who's Who. 10s. 6d. net. A. and C. Black.

It would be indeed difficult to discover the omission of well-known workers in the field of geography or of explorers and travellers of note in the pages of this popular *Libro d'Oro.* It is true we have not come across anyone who has had the curiosity or patience to count the number of celebrities, more or less, but it is said that it contains 23,000 names ; and, indeed, on viewing the portentous bulk of the book, we can well believe it.

The Writers and Artists' Year Book. 1s. net. A. and C. Black.

Most writers on travel topics will find this popular annual of considerable value. The classification of the various periodicals published in Great Britain and America has been done carefully and intelligently. With regard to travel we note that there are some thirty publications which deal with this comprehensive topic, though, of course, among these are included magazines which, though not primarily devoted to travel and exploration topics, occasionally print articles on these subjects, such as the *Cornhill, Pall Mall Magazine,* and the *Windsor Magazine.*

The Englishwoman's Year Book. 2s. 6d. net. A. and C. Black.

So many of our readers and contributors are women that a notice of this valuable handbook can hardly be out of place, for it is a veritable " Enquire within upon Everything " concerning woman's sphere. Apart from its value as a book of reference, it is most interesting, for the articles are well written by those who understand their subject. Amongst the very varied articles we would mention those on " The Position of Women in European Countries," " Englishwomen Abroad," " Emigration " (with hints useful for other than emigrants), Employments and Professions for Women, etc.

The Travel Book of the Year Competition.

Owing to the paucity of entries for this competition, it has been decided to extend the time of sending in answers to the 15th January.

The conditions will be found in the December number.

Mr. Covington's Senoussi Expedition.

Mr. Dow Covington, an American explorer, who has been engaged for the last eight years in important excavation work at the base of the great Pyramid, recently undertook a remarkable pioneer journey into the region of the little known Senoussi tribe near Lake Sitra, in the Western Sahara, twelve days by camel from Cairo. The main object of the expedition was to discover a certain city of the Senoussi known to the guides as the Copper City —though, indeed, considering the hyperbolical vernacular of the native and the arab's love of imagery, it is remarkable that this quasi-legendary city was not called the golden city. Mr. Covington's second in command was Mr. Cecil Drummond-Hay, a son of Sir John Drummond-Hay of Morocco fame, and the caravan consisted of nine men with sixteen camels. Mr. Covington was not successful in finding the object of his quest, but it was not altogether barren of results, as the leader took a large number of photographs in his journey and accumulated a considerable number of useful notes on the physical features of this portion of the Sahara. A very careful sketch was taken of the little known Lake Sitra. This lake was almost unknown to previous explorers, and even Professor Steinforth was satisfied with a very cursory examination.

The quaint Senoussi town, Siwa, built of sun-dried mud, forms a kind of desert acropolis, as the builders had utilised a large natural rock jutting out from the Sahara, so that the first view is rather impressive, some of the houses being eight or nine storeys high.

But perhaps the most striking and indeed sensational feature of this expedition was Mr. Covington's secret traverse of the great lake, or rather swamp, of Sitra.

Crossing the Sitra Swamp.

This adventure, which might easily have had a fatal ending, is vividly described by Mr. Covington. As he knew that Mr. Drummond-Hay and his own men would do their utmost to prevent his attempting what they —not without reason—considered an unpardonably foolhardy expedition, Mr. Covington managed to start by the exercise of a little strategy. " To prevent being followed I zigzagged my course, avoiding places where my footprints might be seen. Now, with the flat-pointed peak of Mount Aitra as my goal, rising white and clear above the hot desert some two miles to the north-east, I tightly girdled my loins with the towel, and cheerfully but determinedly commenced that terrible and almost fatal seven hours' struggle through the great unknown Sitra swamp.

There was much surprise when

Smather and Kamis, unaccompanied by me, returned to our camp; and as I did not return very soon, search parties were despatched. As the afternoon passed and night came on, they all felt sure I was either drowned or lost in the swamp. As I struggled on, I heard their firing and shouts, and brightly reflecting across the lake I saw the two great fires they hopefully kept burning; but I had no way of replying, even had I wished to. Although there was a full half-moon up, the searchers returned to camp soon after dark, it being too dangerous to remain in the treacherous swamp; besides, my Nile Bedouins neither understood nor liked that strange country. They expected to find my clothes the next morning, and decided to bury me close to where my body would probably be found washed up on the shore! The Sitra Senoussi themselves did not know that swamp. There were no paths—no footmarks—no broken reeds—no anything to show that either man or beast had ever entered there. While forging ahead I snapped and elbowed aside the tall salt reeds, pitilessly mutilating under foot strange, rare and beautiful ferns and fern-like plants, some as delicate as lace. I regret I cannot name them—a grand field for a botanist. I hurriedly passed through a peculiar growth of what resembled aged and dead stunted trees—black, bare and leafless as though they had been destroyed by fire, but they proved on breaking to be fresh and green. I pushed on, however, having no time to study Nature and that weird and dismal place, for the bright afternoon sunlight quickly faded into the mild moonlight, and as the half moon went down that night (August 24th) at about 11.30 I naturally wanted to clear the swamp before the moon set. I feared to be caught with only the stars to guide me, that Mount Sitra might fade out as the moon slowly sank; and as I struggled on, often ankle deep, sometimes almost to my waist, through heavy warm salt mud deposits lightly covered by a crispy coating of salt (which in the moonlight exactly resembled sparkling hoar frost) now unexpectedly plunging into treacherous salt quicksands and as quickly withdrawing, for a moment's delay meant a slow and horrible death. Once I had a specially close call. While making a short leap of but a few feet from a low steep bank (to avoid a lengthy detour) on to what appeared a small firm deposit of cake salt, resembling snow-covered ice, my body sank right through to the waist with a sound like the breaking of new ice. It was a deep pool, and as the clear, blue, warm salt water rose up about me I turned with a catlike movement, prostrating myself on my face so as to ease my weight, then by clutching the lower branches of a tough plant which were fortunately just within reach, I managed to squirm into safety. My watch, which for a moment had been immersed, showed

a little after ten. I had been over six hours in covering less than a mile, and would then have certainly given a kingdom for an aeroplane. But I hopefully worked on, and at times, through the thinner and shorter growths, I could see the steadily burning camp fires and could hear the rifle shots, but otherwise the impressive silence was only broken by the noise I made while forcing through, or occasionally by the light breezes which, swaying the tall reeds and high coarse grass, produced a peculiar low rustling or moaning sound. The vegetation began to thin out, the ground became firmer, walking became easier. As I had been obliged to kick as well as elbow my way through, my white canvas boots were much broken, exposing my bare feet, while the sleeves of my light khaki jacket and my shirt and the lower part of my trousers were badly torn. It was a great relief when, at about 10.30, after a seven hours' struggle, I stepped into the dry sands of the strip of open desert that sloped gently upwards to the base of the promontory cliff."

The Problem of Labrador Exploration.

It would appear that in many respects the difficulties which confront the pioneer explorer in unknown Labrador are in many respects, so far as regards the commissariat and victualling of the expedition, very much the same as those which the Arctic explorer has to face. According to Mr. Hesketh Prichard, whose interesting adventures in the Labrador wastes are continued in the January number of *Fry's Magazine*, "the whole problem of Labrador exploration, and the problem that we have to face, is this: When advance by water becomes impossible, we must be prepared to carry food enough to support us on a long hunger-march into the interior. Food for a hundred days must be taken, though the journey to the Gorge should not occupy so long a time. Now the ordinary rations for a canoeman working hard is at the least three pounds of food per day—three hundred pounds per man. Add to this the two canoes, which will certainly have to be portaged over many miles of hill, swamp, and wood, with the weight besides of a tent, rifles, cooking-pots, blankets, and you will find each man of the party with three hundred and thirty pounds to carry—an amount which would necessitate the ground being covered three or four times in the space of the short Labrador summer—snow is often deep in late September, though not solid enough for dog teams—which would mean certain failure. It seems, therefore, that success is only to be obtained by travelling as light as possible."

Disappearing Islands.

Mr. J. F. Scheltema, a former contributor to our pages, has kindly sent me the following note, suggested by the paragraph on "Disappearing Islands" in the December number:—

"According to a communication to master mariners in the *Javasche Courant*, the official newspaper of the Dutch East Indies, the islets

in the Simanganjoe Bay, on the east coast of the island North Pagei, which belongs to the Nassau group, west coast of Sumatra, are gradually sinking below the level of the sea. The same is happening to other islets eastward of the Mentaioei group, and everyone will remember the disappearance of old and appearance of new islands, in consequence of the eruption of the volcano Krakatoo in the Straits of Sunda, August, 1883."

The Pipes of Pan.

In a remarkably suggestive and gracefully expressed article in the December *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. F. G. Aflalo pleads for the open life, and enables the plain man to understand the true inwardness of the call of the wild.

"The passion for the open air, for travel, even for sport, is in great measure nothing but obedience to the call of Pan, though there may be more serious intent in that restless ambition to see remote lands. East and west, north and south, men dance to the call as the children danced to the Pied Piper of Hamelin. The burning plains of India beckon them, or the frozen forests of Canada, the ice-bound Arctic, or the parched veldt."

With equal insight and sympathy Mr. Aflalo explains the compelling fascination of the frozen wastes of the polar regions. Is not this quest and its fruition the apotheosis of the simple life? "That lure of the north, well nigh incredible to us softer men, who prefer to work and play in the milder middle latitudes, beckons these noble adventurers with a compelling voice that they obey with a dare-devil alacrity that cannot but fill us, not perhaps with any immediate desire to emulate their thrilling achievements, but, at any rate, with admiration, not unmixed with envy. . . . It is quite futile to deprecate Arctic exploration as a merely sensational enterprise that panders to the popular craving for excitement, and aims at the solution of some purely academic problems of mathematical geography. Such criticism trails the slime of molluscs."

Sartorial Absurdities in Nigeria.

Captain Tremearne, in his book *The Niger and the West Sudan*, enlarged at considerable length on the absurdity of the aping of English costumes by the natives of Nigeria. In this connection some caustic remarks in a recent number of the *Lagos Standard* are worth quoting:—

"The rising generation, keen on adopting manners and customs foreign to the country and race, are not always careful to differentiate between the good and the bad in choosing; in fact, it is almost always the bad that appeals to them most successfully. This craze for aping foreign customs, etc., is frequently carried to ludicrous extremes, which cannot but strike the outsider as most incongruous. An example of this occurred not long ago in the funeral procession of some prominent member of the aboriginal community. The hearse was drawn by some young men, possibly relatives of the deceased, dressed in elaborate

costumes, conspicuous for their gay and flaunting colours, and wearing glasses as a matter of course, not as an aid to defective vision. But what was most surprising was the curious spectacle of the two young men drawing the hearse in front, each with a cigar in his mouth, industriously puffing away."

Exploring Notes.

It is a commonplace that an army marches on its stomach: with far more force might this axiom be applied to Antarctic exploration; and the merest novice in exploration is bound to recognize that the success of the work depends largely on the food supplies. It is not then surprising that Captain Scott, before leaving for the Antarctic, spent several days in a careful and thorough examination of various foodstuffs. In this connection the following remark, in a letter written by the eminent explorer to Messrs. J. S. Fry & Sons, is of exceptional interest at the present juncture. In the course of his letter he declares that he had selected Messrs. Fry's chocolate and cocoa in preference to all others for the British Antarctic Expedition.

The elaborate map of Persia just published by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, certainly appears at a psychological moment, in view of the great interest at present taken by English people in this "country of unrest." It has been carefully revised, and is probably more up to date than any map published. It is on a scale of sixty-eight miles to an inch, and therefore is able to include not only Persia, but the neighbouring countries, including Afghanistan, Baluchistan, and the Indian North-West Frontier, as well as all the points at which Persia touches the territories of Russia and Turkey. The price is only three shillings, and there is a very full and carefully compiled index.

Messrs. Witherby & Co. have just published a remarkable work dealing with the birds of Australia—a vast subject. The enterprise is a big one, as the work consists of several hundred illustrations in colour—*hand-painted.* It is to be published in two-guinea quarterly parts, and is being edited by Mr. Gregory Mathews, one of the leading authorities on Australian ornithology. This emphatically monumental work is certainly needed, for Gould's classical volumes, published nearly seventy years ago, have long been out of print.

Tunny Fishing in Europe and Elsewhere.

One of the nearest grounds for tunny-fishing with rod and line appears to be Douarnenez in Brittany, where a recent correspondent in the *Field* reported that he found the tunny fishery doing bravely, a score of boats coming in one day with seven thousand fine fish among them, of which one boat secured eight hundred.

They are all caught with hook, very long rod, and very stout line, and seem to be the long-finned sort (*Thynnus alalonga*), or alaloncha, as the Basques call them, size from about thirty pounds to seventy pounds, big enough to afford exciting sport to the amateur with suitable tackle. Bait not mentioned, but probably large sardines or small mackerel.

In the neighbourhood of the lovely Balearic Islands, easily accessible from Barcelona or Valencia, a traveller reports tunny up to one hundred pounds, caught on very heavy lines of great length, drawn through the water by steam-boats at the rate of about six miles an hour. Here more sporting methods might probably be more successful.

Turning to the United States, we find in the *Fishing Gazette* of November 12th, 1910, a record of several specimens of tunny being caught on rod and line, and one monster carrying away the whole of the gear, off the New Jersey coast, and pronounced to be true *Thynnus thynnus*.

From Madeira, where the superstitious Portuguese boatmen are said to be afraid of the evil eye, and to object to taking strangers out, the tackle is reported by that well-known angler and author "John Bickerdyke," to consist of a rough iron hook, a three-yard trace of thick wire, and a line as thick as an ordinary lead pencil. The bait was a live mackerel, the hook being embedded in the thickest part of the fish, and the line lashed near the tail by a piece of fine wire. No lead was used, the bait being allowed to drift down with the tide. Large tunny were caught by this rough and unsporting tackle.

It is interesting to note that some of the largest specimens of this grand sporting fish may perhaps be met with in British colonial waters, for another prominent sea-angler, author, and traveller, Mr. F. G. Aflalo, gives, in recent numbers of the *Field*, thrilling accounts of battles-royal, in the neighbourhood of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, at St. Ann's Bay, and at Mira Bay, near Sydney, with fish reported up to twelve feet long and eight hundred pounds weight. But these terrible tussles appear to have almost invariably ended in defeat to the anglers, one of whom is reported to have *hooked*, in the season of 1908,

twenty-one fish out of twenty-eight "strikes"; in 1909, when he could only go out five days, thirteen out of sixteen strikes. Not one appears to have been killed, or in 1910 either, though with better luck or improved tackle victory may reward the sturdy sportsmen in 1911. August and September appear to be the best season. The last fish of 1909 gave a nineteen hours' fight! Another, probably smaller, practically played out after two hours' desperate struggle, was only lost owing to the propeller of the angler's yacht, bearing down upon him in the dark through a mistaken signal, fouling the line. A dead tunny, probably the same fish, was found on the beach two days later.

Mr. Aflalo saw this sportsman lose another fish by the wire of the trace parting at the swivel. An angler from Santa Catalina lost a big one by his rod breaking below the reel, a most unusual spot.

Other defeats are ascribed to the following causes:—Breakage of line above the wire trace, breakage of rod after a five hours' fight, the angler actually holding on to the tuna for two hours longer, when, just as victory seemed near, the line caught in the jagged edge of the broken top, and parted!

For routes, etc., Mr. Aflalo suggests direct steamer to Halifax, thence by Intercolonial Railway to Sydney and St. Ann's, and accommodation at Englishtown, and estimates the total cost of a month at St. Ann's, including boat-hire and bait (mackerel and *gasperceau*, the American "alewife"), and fares out and home at something like £100, while the capture of these monsters of the deep appears far from a certainty, but certainly an enviable feat to perform, and there is talk of a handsome cup for the lucky sportsman who kills the first Nova Scotian tunny.

Turning to another British "colony," the Island of Ascension, a naval officer told the writer that he several times met tunny of large size in its neighbourhood, but, having no gear more adequate than strong pike-tackle, was naturally defeated by their strength and speed. And for these Cape Breton monsters running up to nearly half a ton weight tackle must be provided much more powerful than that used by the chivalrous anglers of Florida and Santa Catalina for the capture of fish from eighty pounds to two hundred pounds.

C. A. Payton ("Sarcelle").

Tarpon Fishing in the West Indies.

There has just been published at Port of Spain, Trinidad, an extremely interesting and, indeed, fascinating book on the sea fish of Trinidad. It is by Mr. Harry Vincent, and is the fruit of thirty years' experience of fishing in the Caribbean Sea. Its purpose, and certainly this is well fulfilled, is to inform English anglers that there are other places besides the Gulf of Mexico and Florida coast for the chase of the wily tarpon, and the huge manta or devil fish. We take the following animated description of tarpon-fishing off the Trinidad coast, among the far-famed Bocas

Straits, from this well-written monograph :—

"For the sporting tourist no finer or more complete change can be found from the cold grey winters of Europe and America than that offered by the Bocas Islands, lapped by the summer seas, whereon he can lead the aforesaid 'gentle life' as depicted by Charles Kingsley in *At Last*. A fine dry climate, warm it is true, but not any hotter and far healthier than Florida (the great resort of the tarpon fisher, both English and American), inexpressibly finer scenery than the Gulf of Mexico can show, and from June to November plenty of tarpon. The north coast of Trinidad is simply teeming with fish the year round, but, as I have said before, there is no living accommodation for tourists ashore, so, for at all events some time to come, their *point d'appui* must be the Bocas Islands.

"The tarpon or grand-écaille, the famous 'Silver King,' as he is commonly called in the Gulf of Mexico and Florida, is very plentiful in Trinidad waters, especially at the river mouths, the rocks and reefs of the Bocas and all points and headlands round the coast. The best season for fishing them may be said to range from the end of June to the beginning of November. Although I consider both the carangue and king-fish to be more game as to their fighting qualities than the tarpon, the latter fish is far ahead of the others in point of wiliness and general cunning. He is the Macchiavelli of the finny tribe, his manœuvres at and around the bait are protean. At one time he will hit the bait with a rush, directly he feels the hook executing a tiger-like spring from the water into the air, in all probability ejecting the hook at first jump, especially if it has taken him in the top jaw or palate, where it cannot possibly find secure hold on account of the bony plates there. On another occasion he will hit the bait with a similar bang, and drop it at once, like a naughty boy at a runaway ring of the door-bell. Other times he will swim round the bait, giving it occasional little light tugs, or more imperceptible sucks. Even when fairly hooked in the lower jaw, after making three or four springs in the air and finding them ineffectual, he will float on the top of the water foxing, pretending he is exhausted, evidently hoping the fishermen will haul him in, until he gets on the wire, when he will make a fresh rush and kink it, after which he can easily break it and get away. Even when gaffed and put in the boat he must be speedily stunned with a club or he will jump out again. The local fishermen have a proverb to the effect that, 'The grand-écaille is never dead until he is in the pot.' I have known a large tarpon hooked in Huevos Bay and played with a rod until the fisherman thought he was exhausted, and, as it was inconvenient to put him in the boat, the conqueror resolved to tow him home to Domus Bay, Monos, across the Second Boca, a distance of at least a mile and a half; but on arriving at Domus, when attempting to beach

him, he actually got away, although to all appearances drowned. A man may get fifty bites in an afternoon, but he can consider himself the favoured of fortune if he puts five fish in the boat. The tarpon is always caught with trolling gear, reel or hand line, rarely taking the hook if any other mode of fishing is pursued, and this trolling is carried on preferably from a small, fast fishing boat travelling up and down the fishing-ground, as a rule never more than a distance of fifty feet from the rocks, and often nearer. The tarpon will often bite with a full moon, and I have known of very good work being done with large fish on the eve of the full moon and for three or four nights after, trolling between the rock at the head of the First Boca, called 'Dent Ma Tairron,' and the eastern shore or rocky cliffs of Monos. A favourite ground for tarpon is from Domus Bay, Monos, round Pointe Coeurante, and down the Monos side of the second Boca, as far as Pointe à Diable."

A Golfing "Fish Story."

We quote the following amusing story with all reserve and without comment. It is taken from a recent number of the *Globe* :—

"While a four-ball foursome was being played over the Beauly golf course recently a curious incident occurred. One of the players had lifted out the pin at the sixth hole to allow the others to approach, and was in a half-stooping position, when, says the *Scotsman*, a large trout whizzed past his head and dropped on the green at his feet. He was at first inclined to look upon the incident as a practical joke played upon him by his opponents; but this was not the case, and the conclusion was come to that the fish had fallen from the grasp of some overhead bird, the mark of the bird's talons being clearly discernible on the body of the fish. The day was very misty, and the bird was not observed by the players. Some twenty yards from the sixth green flows a burn, and there a large number of sea and brown trout are at present spawning. One of these, weighing eighteen ounces, had evidently been picked up by the bird."

Travel Photography.

We are reminded of the near approach of the New Year by the receipt of their excellent diary and exposure calculator from Messrs. Burroughs Wellcome & Co. We can heartily recommend it to those who wish to do photographic work on their travels. It has all the usual information with regard to postal information, etc., and, in addition, a great mass of useful information on development and exposure, together with ruled pages for recording particulars of negatives. One of the features of the book is the "Wellcome" exposure calculator, which from personal knowledge we can confidently recommend as accurate and simple in working. This dainty gift-book is published in three editions, Northern Hemisphere, Southern Hemisphere, and a special edition for the United States; while suitable light tables are inserted for the different latitudes.

Pickering, As It Was and As It Is.

There are comparatively few to whom the ancient town of Pickering is anything more than a name, and yet in many ways it well repays a visit. To begin with, it boasts great antiquity ; indeed, Stow and Holinshed, writing in the sixteenth century, speak of a town of Pickering existing as early as 270 B.C., and recent discoveries point to it having been inhabited by Lake Dwellers, the Vale of Pickering having been one vast lake, which played an important part in the formation of Yorkshire in the Glacial Period. Most interesting researches in this direction have been made by Mr. Gordon Home, and given to the reading public in his volume on the *Evolution of an English Town.*

At the head of the steep street leading up from the grimy station stands the fine old church with its perpendicular steepled tower. On entering this building, through its most spacious, imposing porch, one is at once struck by the curious fifteenth century mural paintings above the arches separating the nave from the aisles. For generations they were plastered over, till they were discovered in 1851 and exposed to view, but only for a short time, as the then vicar feared that the sight of them would distract his congregation. We venture to think his fears were not groundless, for certainly these specimens of fifteenth-century art are most crude in their conception, and withal most fascinating. So, alas ! they were again hidden from view till about 1879, when the task of bringing them to light was again begun : the yellow wash and the affixing of tablets to the walls having damaged them, the tempora was retouched with oils where considered needful, but in one or two cases on the south wall the subjects are all but obliterated. The principal scenes depicted are as follows :—

1. St. George and the Dragon.

2. St. Christopher carrying the Christ Child.

3. Herod's Feast. (*a*) Salome in a curious parti-coloured garment performs a tumble-dance before Herod, his queen and courtiers. (*b*) Before a prison-like sentry-box stands Herodias (?), sword in hand, over John the Baptist, who although his severed head lies on the pavement, is yet kneeling with hands clasped in an attitude of prayer, while Salome stands by, looking most sanctimonious as she waits with a platter in one of her hands, which are crossed on her breast. (*c*) She hands the head on the charger to Herod, who is behind her. Why the head does not fall off the dish is a puzzle, for it is held at an almost perpendicular angle.

4. Above this complex picture is

Pickering Castle.

a scene representing the Coronation of the Virgin by the Holy Trinity, attended by the twelve Apostles; while higher still angelic choirs, prophets and patriarchs look down from the ramparts of heaven.

5. The Martyrdom of St. Edmund, pierced by fourteen arrows.

6. The murder of Thomas à Beckett, who calmly continues in prayer while the four knights apparently converse with his attendant.

7. The Legend of St. Catherine of Alexandria.

8. The Seven Corporal Acts of Mercy. In the scene illustrating "A stranger and ye took me in," one gets the impression of a wretch being dragged, *nolens volens*, into the sentry-like box, which throughout does duty for prison or house.

9. Scenes during Our Lord's last days.

10. The Descent of Our Lord into Hades, the latter represented by a huge dragon, from whose interior ascends a procession headed by Adam and Eve.

11. The Assumption (?).

12 and 13. The Death and Burial of the Virgin.

Not far from this unique church are the remains of a Norman castle, which was erected during the twelfth century on a foundation of English earthworks. A few square towers set at intervals on the crumbling walls are left to remind us of the days when Pickering played an important part in border skirmishes, and standing on the mound, where once was a fine keep, one appreciates the wisdom of those who selected the spot for a fortress. On a clear day one can see for miles over the beautiful Vale of Pickering right away to the moors, and neither friend nor foe could hope to approach unobserved. It was all but deserted on the day we visited it, save for a few rustic children, who, as they tumbled about in innocent glee, recked nothing of the scenes of joy and sorrow of which these walls could tell full many a tale. The remains of the keep are enhanced by the beautiful trees which almost surround the base of the earthwork on which it stands.

No visitor to Pickering should fail to see the picturesque village of Thornton-le-Dale, three miles distant by rail. Several pretty whitewashed thatched cottages are dotted along the village street, on one side of which flows a tiny stream within a couple of yards of the cottage doors, which on that side are approached by tiny wooden bridges, or great stone slabs, which are thrown across. Ducks and geese are much in evidence, adding artistic touches. Higher up the street the village has been modernised, and one particularly regrets the exchange of a thatched for a tiled roof on the picturesque group near the black smith's forge. It is a sad fact that beauty so often has to give place to utility. May the day be far distant when the inhabitants of Thornton will have lost all their thatched buildings, specimens of which are now so scarce in England that we are told that even in rural

districts the art of thatching is well-nigh unknown. A. M. B.

The Three Ugliest Cities in Europe.

In Mr. Eustace Reynolds-Ball's article on Brittany in the last number there was a reference to Rennes as the third ugliest city in Europe. This has aroused the curiosity of a correspondent, who is anxious to know the names of the other two cities which have earned this "bad pre-eminence." On such a nice point I reserve my opinion. It has struck me, however, that it would be interesting to elicit the opinions of our readers. I propose, then, inviting their opinions, and should be pleased to offer either half a guinea or a year's subscription to the magazine (at the option of the winner) to the competitor whose list agrees most nearly to that of the Editor.

Duelling on the Riviera.

No doubt most people, influenced, perhaps, by Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad*, regard duelling on the Continent with contemptuous amusement, and consider them merely duels *pour rire*. It seems though that a duel which recently took place among the arcadian groves of Cap Martin, near Mentone, might well have had a grave issue. It was fought between the egregious ex-Mayor of Algiers, M. Max Régis, and M. d'Alzini, a journalist. These gentlemen, it appears, had a disagreement. M. Régis took offence at something M. d'Alzini said, and, unfortunately, his annoyance took the form of smacking M. d'Alzini's face! The latter naturally demanded satisfaction. A formal *procés-verbal* was drawn up, and the encounter duly took place early in the morning near the villa of the ex-empress Eugene at Cap Martin. The following is an extract from the official account of the proceedings, duly drawn up by the seconds :—

"In the first *réprise* (round) M.Max Régis received a slight incision in the right shoulder.

"In the second, M. d'Alzini having *faussé* his sword, the swords were changed.

"In the third, M. d'Alzini was superficially wounded over the eyebrow.

Sea Sickness, and How to Avoid It.

The recent gales have made those about to cross the Channel, assuming, of course, that they are bad sailors, turn their thoughts to the various advertised remedies for sea sickness. There is no doubt that sufferers should be chary about some of the much vaunted nostrums, as in some cases the ingredients are likely to do harm. Several of my correspondents, however, have sung the praises of the old-established Yanatas, the proprietors of which state that "Yanatas contains no opium or any of its derivatives." Some may be sceptical no doubt of any sea sickness preventatives, but at all events Yanatas has proved successful in many obstinate cases, and even if an absolute cure is not attained, it is an excellent palliative. It may be said parenthetically Yanatas has received the imprimateur of several Royal personages, and can be obtained at any chemist's.

EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL.

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